

WHY DID HITLER GIVE LINDBERGH A MEDAL?

DEC. 17,
1938

Liberty 5¢

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LABORATORY



A CANDID PORTRAIT OF HEDY LAMARR

ARE NEW BLOOD-TEST LAWS REDUCING MARRIAGES?



GENERAL **ELECTRIC**
presents
**MAZDA LAMPS FOR A
TRULY MERRY CHRISTMAS**

"MULTIPLE" XMAS TREE LAMPS
... in multiple strings all the lamps do not go out when one lamp goes dead, as they do in series strings.

2 lamps for only 15¢

"STANDARD" PINE CONE SHAPE
... Comes in white, red, blue, green and orange. For series strings only.

only 5¢ each

"ELECTRIC" CANDLES Small candles, with tiny electric lamps that sparkle like the old-fashioned tallow candle. For series strings only. General Electric makes only the lamp.
only 5¢ each

"LUMINOUS" CANDLES... Candle-shaped bulbs that glow from tip to base with rich color. For series strings only.

2 for only 15¢

"OUTDOOR" LAMPS Sturdy and colorful, with the added "multiple" advantage. No hunting for dead bulbs.

now only 10¢ each

MULTIPLE "LUMINOUS" CANDLES
... Strikingly beautiful—yet free from the nuisance of hunting for the "dead" bulb on the string.

now only 10¢ each

THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

Important!

For best results, insist on Christmas tree light outfits using only G-E MAZDA lamps. Remember, General Electric makes only the lamp bulbs.

YOU NEED ANTI-BOIL



...AS MUCH AS ANTI-FREEZE

It's **HEAT**, not cold, that takes the measure of an anti-freeze...

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That's why you want "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze in *your* car. "Prestone" anti-freeze is the two-fisted protection that licks engine heat as well as winter's cold...that will not boil away under the most freakish weather conditions...that contains no alcohol.

The words "Prestone" and "Eveready" are trade-marks of National Carbon Co., Inc.



\$2⁹⁵
A GALLON

You can put in your "Prestone" anti-freeze *today* (no matter how warm it may be) and you're set for all winter. Better do it.

YEAR AFTER YEAR, *more and more* "Prestone" anti-freeze has been made and sold, yet demand has outrun production. This winter, we expect there will be enough for everyone, for early in the year tremendous new production facilities WENT INTO FULL-TIME OPERATION. Still, to be sure, get yours **EARLY!**

"EVEREADY" "PRESTONE"

TRADE-MARKS

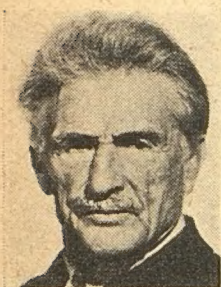
ANTI-FREEZE

COSTS MORE BY THE GALLON LESS BY THE WINTER

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

IS THE NEW DEAL ON THE WAY OUT?



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Is the New Deal on the run? We have had various explanations by editorial writers throughout the country for the huge gain in votes for the Republican Party. It was estimated they would have forty or fifty additional Republican Congressmen in the last election, but they have eighty-two and eight additional Republican Senators.

What has caused this change in sentiment, which will grow still more rapidly as time passes?

There is only one explanation that will be agreed upon by every one. The increase in public intelligence!

The New Deal, so called, was foisted upon us at a time when we were in the world's worst depression. We were all looking for remedies . . . changes of any kind. Any one with the courage to present a remedy, regardless of how wild, weird, and fantastic it might be, could arouse interest.

We in this country have enjoyed unusual privileges. We are suffering to an unusual degree from foolish legislation, but so far we have avoided Hitlerism. We still have our checks and balances—our three separate, distinct governmental groups which the President tried to absorb . . . the legislative, executive, and the judiciary.

Germany had a system to a certain extent similar before Hitler took over legislative powers.

Washington has not only tried to usurp the governing powers of the various states, but our officials have tried, and to a certain extent successfully, to govern through bureaus and commissions.

And the people of this country, once they understand this situation, will fight it with grim determination. All we need to destroy the fantastic wild experimenting of the New Deal is understanding . . . nothing more than understanding.

The officials of Washington apparently started out through the C. I. O. to bring industry to its knees. They allowed lawlessness and violence of a rampant nature.

It was indeed pleasing beyond expression to see Governor Murphy of Michigan given an appropriate penalty for this. Notwithstanding the binding char-

acter of his oath of office, he refused to oust the sit-down strikers. He allowed them to take possession of property in a manner that was as lawless as burglary or highway robbery. The report that he used the telephone to Washington in assuming this attitude is damning evidence of his inefficiency for such a high office.

The purge on the part of the President was an additional educational factor, and from now on the high officials of the New Deal may talk less. The more they talk, the better will be the understanding of the defects of the New Deal. Their arguments are educational. The evidence of the worthlessness of their faith-cure remedies is so pronounced that any one with intelligence cannot avoid the right conclusion.

The Anti-New Deal votes will grow day by day . . . month by month.

The attack by the President on the Dies Committee . . . his defense of Governor Murphy . . . and his campaigning efforts generally have greatly helped the Anti-New Deal cause.

Labor has been fooled into supporting legislation that will ultimately throttle the workers and destroy their unions.

Perhaps there is a chance of our coming back to sanity. Perhaps we may all of us realize that the good old American Constitution rigidly enforced is what made us a great nation in years gone by, and the principles that it advocates must still be adhered to if the enormous debt and the disgraceful unemployment situation is ever to be remedied.

We have had a lesson that will last us for years. We cannot avoid depressions, but we can avoid foolish interference with business by government.

From 1927 to 1929 everybody had a job who wanted to work—at high wages. If the economic law had been allowed to operate during the last depression, we would have gotten out of the difficulties the same as we did in former depressions, without the infantile efforts of governmental executives to direct us.

All we need is more education, added intelligence, to put the New Deal far—far in the background.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, \$2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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on \$40 a week”**

It is a glorious feeling to be a thousand-aire, to have a few thousand dollars of life insurance. Many a man on modest salary enjoys that satisfaction. He can do so because of the *mutual* idea—a multitude of people combining their small funds to create a big result. Mutuality divides the cost of security; it multiplies your power to provide.

Thomas T. Partan

PRESIDENT



LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX



Q. How can you create an estate with life insurance?

A. Your very first payment on a life insurance policy immediately creates an estate for your family's protection. It might take years to accumulate an equivalent estate through ordinary channels of saving.

. . .

Q. What life insurance policy is usually recommended for a young man, raising a family on a moderate income?

A. An “Ordinary Life” policy, because the premium payments are the lowest for any permanent policy. Ask an Equitable agent to explain.

. . .

Q. Why is life insurance often referred to as living insurance?

A. Life insurance has been described as money purchased for future delivery to provide the means of living for a fatherless family, or living expenses for the policyholder himself in his old age.

. . .

Q. What is the educational fund policy?

A. A policy in which you can assure funds for a child's education. These amounts will be paid by the company at some designated time in the future.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to “The Equitable Counselor” at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.



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LIFE ASSURANCE

SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND

SOCIETY

MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE

OF THE U.S.

NATION-WIDE SERVICE

Why Did HITLER Give

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHAT is it about Hitler which draws men to him at the most inauspicious moments?

Edward Windsor, smarting under his country's forgetfulness, made Berchtesgaden his first stop on what he hoped would be the road back to world fame—and left his hopes on the Fuehrer's doorstep.

A year later Charles Augustus Lindbergh, smarting under accusations of being the "lackey of German Fascists," flew to Berlin to receive the second highest decoration within the gift of the Nazi government.

What Colonel Lindbergh left on the Fuehrer's doorstep only history will tell.

At this writing, his friends in the German air force are reported to be looking around in Berlin for suitable living quarters for him and his family, since they understand that he wishes to spend the coming winter there.

We who know and admire him prefer to believe that the German-decoration episode was merely another exhibition of Nazi tactlessness. That those who do not know him so well or admire him so deeply are less willing to put this construction on the incident is as unavoidable as it is regrettable. A very different construction is exemplified in the following article from the London Sunday Express:

What is the mysterious, secretive, curiously over-publicised Colonel Lindbergh up to?

Many people in this country and on the Continent are perturbed about his recent activities.

Always when trouble has been bubbling, his black and orange airplane has flown him to the storm centre.

He has been to Germany, Russia, Czechoslovakia and France. He resides, of course, in Britain.

Early last year he went to Germany. There he met Hitler, Goering and the air generals.

He paid another visit early this year. He is there again now. And in between these visits he has busied himself spreading alarming stories in this country about Germany's air strength compared with ours.

Germany's machines, he tells all ears that listen in this country, are better than ours. She has more of them. Her production is five times greater than ours.

And when these facts are firmly planted in the listener's mind the colonel will then, it is said, strongly advocate some sort of a pact between Britain and Germany as the only way Britain can avoid disaster.

He always insists firmly that he is anti-Nazi himself, but those who are favored with his views say that he never hesitates to voice his glowing admiration for Hitler and the German State.

Early this year he was in Russia. As an honoured guest he was given unusual facilities to see Russia's Air Force. Russia's flying men took him fully into their confidence.

Then he returned to this country and began to spread the story that the Russian Air Force was useless. When the crisis was developing, too, he took himself to France and told the same story there. That story shook France, and may have had considerable influence on the vital decisions that France in common with Britain had to make.

The air industry in Britain feels that it has cause for its uneasiness about the activities of Colonel Lindbergh. If he is so frank about the Air Forces of Germany and Russia in his conversations in Britain and France, no doubt he is equally expansive on the subject of Britain's Air Force when he is in Germany.

What nobody seems to know, and what many people would like to know is: What is behind all this mysterious activity? Does Lindbergh represent any one or is he merely a somewhat indiscreet private person?

That would seem like fairly plain talk, but it is sewing-circle stuff compared with the howls of the enraged Russians.

Until Lindbergh made his alleged report, the general

impression, in spite of Hitler's and Goering's boasts, was that the Soviet air force was the most powerful in Europe. On the strength of this belief, an alliance between Britain and Russia, in spite of its obvious drawbacks, had seemed a more likely solution of the European situation than an alliance between Britain and Germany.

Lindbergh, in one alleged sentence—said to have been uttered in Lady Astor's dining room—changed all that: by smashing the Soviet's claim to superiority in the air, he delivered, his critics said, the overlordship of Europe into the hands of Hitler.

He immediately became, therefore, in the eyes of his former Soviet hosts and pals—the quoted words are from a letter signed by eleven leading Russian aviators and published in the official Moscow news organ Pravda—"a hanger-on and lackey of German Fascists and their aristocratic English patrons," a "mercenary liar," etc.

Startlingly, an American hero becomes an



Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh chat with officers of the

"Lindbergh had the task from English reactionary circles," the Russians wrote, "of testifying to the weakness of Soviet aviation and thereby of giving Chamberlain an argument for capitulation in Munich on Czechoslovakia. A hired liar, Lindbergh has fulfilled this task of his masters."

Lady Astor's explanations only deepened the English suspicion. The whole business, according to her, was Communist propaganda. There had been, she was first quoted as saying, no dinner in her house at which Colonel Lindbergh was present. Later, however, she admitted that there had been a luncheon, and that he had spoken of Russia in general but not of the air force.

Colonel Lindbergh, as usual, said nothing.

At any rate, this much is true: Following his return from his last summer's inspection of European air power, and his reputed statement to guests of Lady Astor that the German air force could defeat the combined air fleets of Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union, Arthur Neville Chamberlain grabbed his umbrella and beat it for Berchtesgaden.

So if, as many believe, the world was thus saved from

LINDBERGH a Medal?

Stalinism and lost at the same time to Hitlerism, the historian of the future may hand the credit for the first achievement, and the blame for the second, not to rulers and diplomats but to a private American citizen who flew from European capital to European capital and came back to London and told what he saw.

The question of whether he had made his investigation and report on his own authority and at his own expense, or at the instance of and in the employ of Lady Astor and her friends, was, the Colonel doubtless assumed, nobody's business but his and theirs.

The incident might have passed for just one more Communist tempest in an English teapot if the Colonel himself had not inadvertently given color—by accepting Herr Hitler's decoration—to the charge that his service

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

owns London's most influential newspaper, the Times. There is also a young William Waldorf, son of Lord and Lady

Astor; he is parliamentary secretary to Sir Samuel Hoare. Also one younger brother of the present Viscount and one son-in-law.

All these assorted Astors are in Parliament. And, in spite of recent depression shrinkage, the English Astors are among the wealthiest families in the United Kingdom.

Lady Astor's passionate interest in politics, supplemented by her family's political, financial, and journalistic importance—Lord Astor owns the politically powerful Observer—naturally draws to her hospitable dinner table the highest placed and most influential men and women in England. Only last May she entertained King George and Queen Elizabeth at dinner in her town house, 4, St. James's Square. Present were forty-five guests, including Colonel and Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh. The combined wealth of those forty-five diners doubtless exceeded that of any dinner party of similar size in the history of the British Empire.

But it is at Cliveden, the Astors' magnificent Thames Valley country house, that Lady Astor does the political entertaining which counts.

For months now, whispered rumors have been drifting down the gangplanks from Europe about a group of moneyed men and women—some of them Americans living abroad—who were reportedly seeking to plunge the world into Fascism. The terms "Cliveden Set" and "Shiver Sisters," long current in England, began to impinge themselves on the American mind. But we hear so many things from Europe that aren't so that we paid scant attention until, in the troubled wake of the Peace of Munich, dispatches named our own Flying Colonel as the paid emissary of this alleged Fascist group.

In England, however, as I discovered soon after arriving in London, the "Cliveden Set" is something very real and very powerful. In fact, it is impossible to exaggerate the influence it wields over the policies of His Majesty's Government at this crucial time.

Yet it is only since Adolf Hitler loomed on the eastern horizon as a possible menace to British safety, and, on the other hand, a possible protection against the threatening might of Communistic Russia—and especially since the Hitler-Lindbergh incident—that Cliveden, "Britain's second Foreign Office," has come in for more than surface scrutiny from the British public.

Outstanding among Cliveden's frequent week-end guests are the Lords Lothian, Londonderry, and Halifax. The Lothians are, perhaps, the Astors' closest friends. He is credited with having been an active emissary between London and Berlin prior to the semiofficial Halifax mission of appeasement.

Lord Londonderry is chief of the Conservative organization and generally believed to be Herr Hitler's first and greatest London friend. Lady Londonderry, although possessing many notable traits of intellect and character, is said to be best known to the London public for having had tattooed on her legs—some years before the advent of sheer silk stockings and knee-length skirts—a pink-and-blue snake, a star, and the Londonderry coat of arms.

Lord Halifax—Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, Viscount Halifax of Monk Bretton in the West Riding of York, Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale, Knight of the Garter—is, as everybody knows, His Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Also welcome visitors at Cliveden are Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary; Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Geoffrey Dawson, puissant editor of the Times—the last-named, it is repeatedly asserted, is the "master mind" of the Fascist movement in England—and Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Most of Lady Astor's guests, it will be noted, are Conservative in politics and conservative in mind. In our country they would take it out in cheering every four

international mystery — What's behind it?



Photo from European

German air force at a Lilienthal Society meeting in Berlin.

had been performed not only for a group of his Anglo-American friends but for Adolf Hitler himself—a service the true value of which to the Hitler regime cannot be computed until years, perhaps civilizations, have come and gone.

Douglas Corrigan, we are told, flew the wrong way when he headed for Ireland. We don't need to be told that Charles Lindbergh flew the wrong way when, after Lady Astor's luncheon party, he headed for Berlin!

Such, on the surface, is the situation in the new Lindbergh case.

Now, what are the facts behind that situation?

Where does Nancy Astor figure in it?

How did Lindbergh get mixed up in it?

Take Lady Astor's case first. She is, as almost every American knows, the Virginia-born Nancy Langhorne who went to England to become the wife of the second Viscount Astor and to make history as the first woman to sit in the British House of Commons.

The Astors themselves are by inheritance quite as American as the Langhornes. Besides the Viscount, there is a cousin, Major the Hon. John Jacob Astor, who

years for Herbert Hoover, and then go about their regular business. But in England politics is regular business. A general election may be called at any time. Naturally, British statesmen take themselves and their situation much more seriously than our lawmakers do—also, I might add in fairness, their country's situation.

We may hate Communism, as they do, and we may fear Nazism, as they do, but only in a nice way. We have our emotions—as we believe we have our enemies—under remote control. The Britishers, on the other hand, have the uncomfortable feeling that we would share if we lived on what Nancy Boyd calls “a small island off the coast of France.” We may scoff at the “Shiver Sisters.” We may deride them as political jitterbugs. But how would we feel if we lived our days and nights within an hour and twenty minutes of a Nazi airplane base?

I am not defending the “Cliveden Set.” From what I observed in my most recent European investigation, I think their activities a menace to their own future and ours. But I am trying to point out that their reaction to a difficult situation is a human one: They are afraid for their riches if Stalin gets the upper hand, and for their lives if they don't kowtow to Hitler.

NANCY ASTOR is the most brilliant member of this Cliveden group. But in the embarrassing Lindbergh situation she is probably getting more publicity than she deserves. It is a convenient thing for certain British politicians to “let the American lady take it.”

Lord Astor is perhaps nearer to the typical Nazi viewpoint. You may have heard him not long ago on your short-wave set. His ideas, especially on a purge of the press, seem Hitlerish.

At any rate, it is obvious that this ascendant group in British public life is hell-set for Hitlerism. And it is equally obvious that if its members needed to hire anybody to help them do their job, they have both the will and the money to do it.

But what of Chamberlain, you say?

He is no Clivedener. Of course he has been a guest there. Even an Astor cannot look down the nose at Downing Street. But the Chamberlains, though well-to-do and admittedly closer to the gentlemen of the City than to the gentlemen of the steppes, have always been simple shopkeeping people—as the English say, “in trade.” Neville Chamberlain has little in common with the noble lords and ladies of the Cliveden house parties.

But—and here is Neville's rub—a Prime Minister, like a President, must be a politician: to be Prime Minister at all, he must stay in office.

Before the Peace of Munich, Chamberlain's chance of retaining the leadership which Baldwin of Bewdley bequeathed to him were not so good. From the beginning, those two hardy blooms of belligerency, David Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, had been making it hot for him. Archibald Sinclair and Clement Richard Attlee—leaders respectively of the Liberals and the Laborites—had been no help. A general election was inevitable, and its result much in doubt.

True, Stanley Baldwin had successfully withstood these same enemies' moves. But Stanley had been wise enough to provide himself with an ace in the political hole.

There is in today's England a young man—you have doubtless heard of him—named Robert Anthony Eden, who combines in his aristocratic person the streamlined insouciance of the once famed Jimmy Walker, the sartorial impeccability of Grover Aloysius Whalen, and some portion of the charm of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The effect of this combination on the British electorate is precisely what it would be on the American electorate—it's a wow.

Stanley Baldwin knew that. He reached out a pudgy arm and rescued Tony Eden from his thankless task of tending the weeds that grew in the League of Nations garden. “Arise, Sir White Knight of Geneva,” said Baldwin, “and go out and get me some votes.” And Tony did. But Baldwin's successor in Downing Street was not so wise, or perhaps not so lucky.

I was in London when Eden—driven almost mad by the machinations of the “Cliveden Set”—withdrew from the Chamberlain Cabinet. I saw the chalk marks on the

hoardings: “We Want Eden!” I heard the grieving throngs in Downing Street murmuring, “Good old Eden!” I heard the echoes of those vivid scenes in the House of Commons when back-row members shouted at their Prime Minister, “Resign! Get out!” as crowds burst into the sacred precincts of the Commons lobby, shouting, “Chamberlain must go! Eden must stay!”

As a vote-getter, Eden's gentle churchly pro-Nazi successor, Halifax, was distinctly a B product. In short, it was as plain as the nose on Neville Chamberlain's face that to go to the people in 1938 without Handsome Anthony and his famous Homburg hat would be hopeless *unless*—and this was the Clivedeners' opportunity—Chamberlain could engineer a successful solution of Europe's troubled affairs.

It would not have been difficult, therefore, for the Clivedeners to convince the peace-loving, conservative Mr. Chamberlain that he must give way before Herr Hitler's arrogant demands—that he must bow to the man of whose power to destroy the British nation both he and they were firmly convinced.

But how to convince the British public?

How to scare the average patriotic Briton into accepting the Cliveden gospel as inevitable?

That's where—so some people say—Lindbergh came in. He was a natural.

A bulletin from the British Air Office to the effect that the Nazi air power was greater than their own would have been dismissed as government propaganda to help the armament drive. A speech in Parliament from the Air Secretary, no matter how thoroughly documented by supporting facts, would have been forgotten in a day.

But the word of Lindbergh, ace of aces, hero of heroes, world's greatest aviation authority, would strike terror to every honest British heart. Even the spreading of the story that he had said his say would have a magical effect.

Well, we know what happened.

Less than a year ago, popular polls in Britain showed 69 per cent *against* the Chamberlain foreign policy; after the so-called Peace of Munich, similar polls showed 57 per cent *for* it. Neville Chamberlain Peacemaker Dolls are outselling Shirley Temples and Charlie McCarthys in the Regent Street toy shops. Handsome Anthony is off the front page. The “Cliveden Set” is sitting, albeit precariously, on top of the British world.

AS for Colonel Lindbergh, it is not very important whether he did whatever he did in the employ of the “Cliveden Set” or in his own employ. It is not very important, except as it affects our final estimate of the man we have delighted to honor, whether he did it for money or because, like his wealthy British friends, he too was scared for his life and the lives of his wife and children, or because he fully believed what he said.

It may not be very important—although there are about a hundred million Americans who may think it is—that he spends so much time in Germany with Goering and the other Nazi war lords, and accepts the Service Cross of the Order of the German Eagle with Star, bestowed upon him by special command of Adolf Hitler himself.

But one thing his friends and admirers must face. The American Lone Eagle has been welcome everywhere. The wearer of the Nazi Eagle—well, that is likely to be a different story.

Especially significant is the changed status accorded him by important members of the London press. As I write, Everybody's Magazine, a nonpolitical London periodical which was among the first to demand privacy for the nation's distinguished guest, is on the streets with a restrained restatement of its position:

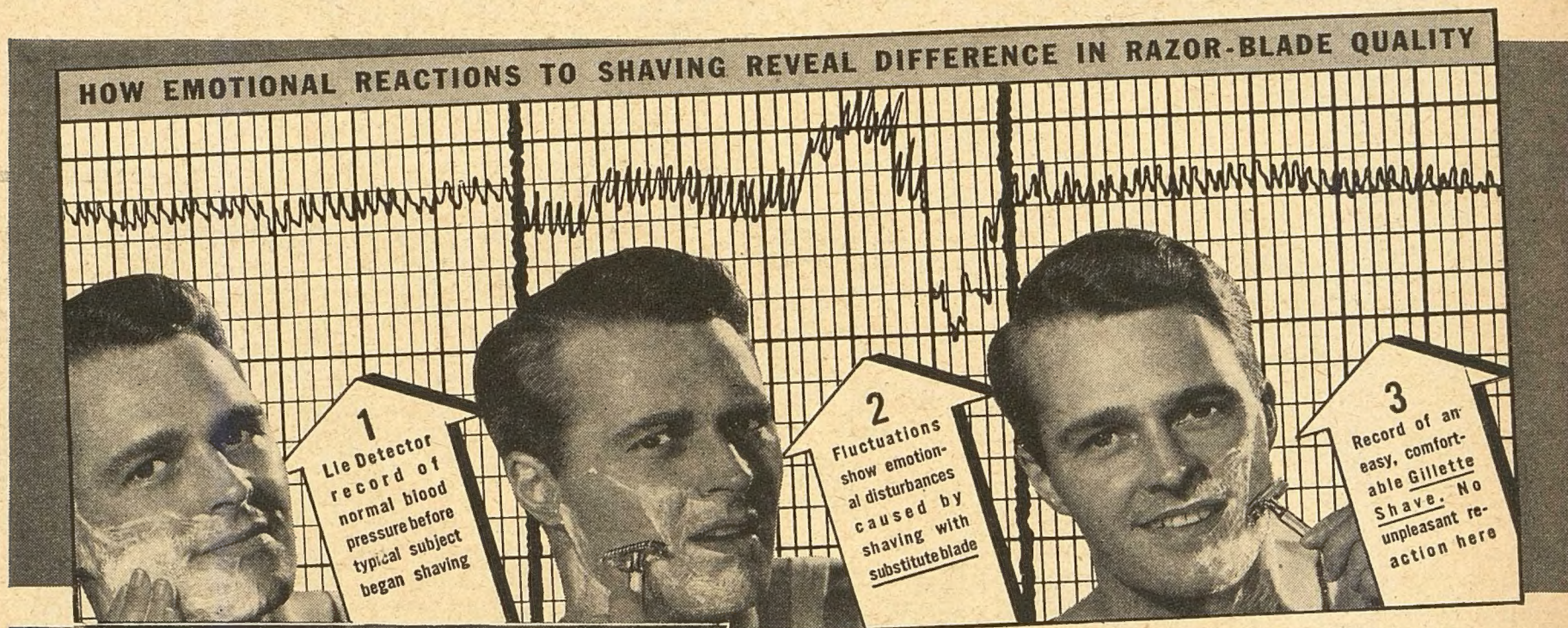
“While Colonel Lindbergh has enjoyed the hospitality of this country, we have scrupulously refrained from meddling in his private affairs. In the future, we will watch him carefully.

“Though there is no wish to be rude,” concludes the writer, in a mood with which, I feel sure, a hundred million Americans will sympathize, “we would feel happier if he went home!”

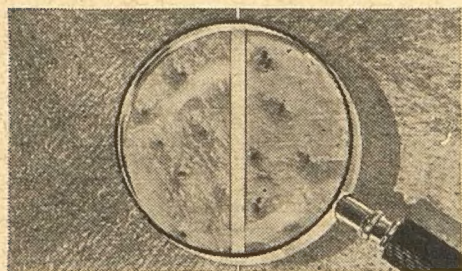
THE END

NOW! LIE DETECTOR

CHARTS EMOTIONAL EFFECTS OF SHAVING!



HOW FAMOUS LIE DETECTOR CHECKS SHAVING RESULTS IN EXHAUSTIVE RESEARCH. Strapped to Lie Detectors, men shave one side of the face with a Gillette Blade... the other side with a blade of different manufacture... not knowing which is which. Comparative blade quality, as revealed by their involuntary reactions, is accurately recorded on charts like the one above—leaving no doubt as to which blade is best. Finally, each shaver is asked which of the two blades he has used (No. 1 or No. 2) he considers best. In practically every instance the subject's expressed preference tallies exactly with the Lie Detector's findings.



NOW SEE FOR YOURSELF what the critical eye of the camera reveals. Above (left) is shown a section of a man's face shaved with a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor, (right) the same area shaved by another method, another day. Now decide for yourself which gives the clean, close, long-lasting shave you want.



GILLETTE BRUSHLESS Shaving Cream is better in five ways! (1) Softens whiskers double quick, (2) soothes the skin, (3) stays moist on your face, (4) speeds shaving and (5) never clogs razor or drains! You'll like Gillette Brushless. Big tube, 25c!

Outstanding Superiority of Gillette Blade Proved Beyond Shadow of Doubt

ONLY those who dare to know the truth willingly submit to Dr. William M. Marston's Lie Detector test... for the Lie Detector reveals the facts. That's why Gillette engaged this eminent psychologist to make an investigation of razor-blade quality. Here are his findings:

(1) Today's Gillette Blade gives more comfortable shaves than any other blade tested. (2) Far faster shaves... positive proof that it is easier on your face. (3) More refreshing shaves... free from emotional irritations that may start your day off wrong!

Hundreds of Men Take Test By recording breathing and blood pressure, the Lie Detector charts the emotional reactions produced by shaving. Hundreds of men have taken part in Dr. Marston's research. Thus far, blades of 16 substitute brands have faced trial in competition to the Gillette Blade. In one case

after another the shaver's involuntary reactions, as automatically recorded by the Lie Detector, prove Gillette's outstanding superiority. And equally significant, the vast majority of subjects, not knowing which blade is which, choose Gillette as far the best-shaving blade.

Make Your Own Test

Enjoy the benefits of this scientific research yourself! Try today's Gillette Blades. You'll agree they are much finer—far more uniform—and well worth the few cents extra you pay!

ATTENTION! CONSUMER ORGANIZATIONS AND MEN EVERYWHERE

Dr. William Moulton Marston's scientific shaving tests are being conducted to reveal the truth about razor-blade quality. Gillette invites consumer organizations and individuals to observe—and participate in—this research. Address inquiries to Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston.

DO YOU FOOL YOURSELF ABOUT RAZOR-BLADE QUALITY?

Some Men Do, Says Dr. Marston

"Some men have used dull or misfit blades so long it has become an emotional habit. I have had such men shave with Gillette Blades every day for a week. At the end of that time they could no longer endure their former favorites... for their reactions had returned to normal!"

"The quality of a man's shave has a marked effect on his mood and general attitude for hours. For this reason, I cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of using the best blades obtainable. My study enables me to state flatly that Gillette Blades are far superior in every respect to competitive blades tested."



Gillette Blades



PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY

ARISTOC



Of youth and love, tragedy—and grim revenge . . . A flaming tale of Russia's red yesterdays and 1938 in New York

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

THE woman's eyes flashed angrily as a thickset, red-faced man—in stained ragged shoddy and in his hand a taxi driver's cap—followed her up the aisle of the church.

"Told you to wait, didn't I?" she whispered. "I wasn't going to cheat you out of your fare."

His reply, also whispered, was in grammatical though heavily accented English:

"Nor was I afraid you would."

"Then why do you . . .?"

"Follow you? I didn't." He gave a little laugh that was not one of amusement. "I came here—how you say?—on my own hook." He paused. "I used to be a soldier. And once in a while," pointing at the altar, "I feel like talking to the Captain—though the Captain never talks to me. . . ."

Dropping on his knees in one of the pews, he muttered in Russian a prayer for the dead.

A double prayer it was. A prayer for the repose of the soul of the young girl whom he had loved, and a prayer for the repose of the soul of the man whom he had killed.

HE remembered how he had met them—the girl and the man. That had been on an evening in 1912, two years before the World War broke out, when, in the palace of the Grand Duchess Anastasia Constantinovna, he made his initial bow to Moscow society.

Heretofore he had lived in the country, near Orenburg. He had been brought up by private tutors on the estate of his guardian, old Prince Pavel Delyanoff, who, formerly an equerry to the Czar, had retired to his ancestral acres, where he attended to his wine cellar, his pedigreed pigs, and—more for the sake of princely duty than for pleasure—an occasional love-making interlude with a likely peasant wench.

Alexis—so, one day (he must have been about nine), the Prince had informed him—was the only child of Dmitry and Olga Trepoff.

"They were cousins, the last of their line," Delyanoff had added, "with no living relatives. You were two when

your father, who had gone to Turkestan to look after properties he owned there, was murdered by raiding tribesmen. So you're alone in the world, but for your mother."

His mother might as well not have existed. Still beautiful, with her oval features, her black hair folded like a raven's wings over tiny ears, her large violet-blue eyes; but the mind behind those lovely eyes was a blank.

"It snapped," explained Delyanoff, "at the news of your father's death. On that morning—an instinct, I suppose, that told her it would mean an escape from whatever reminded her of her great grief—she destroyed every last letter and scrap of paper, every last memento, every last photograph connected with her husband, her family, herself." A silence. Then the Prince had asked: "Do you remember your father at all?"

"No."

Dmitry Trepoff had been, Delyanoff said, a strange, self-contained sort who had gone his own way. . . .

"Hardly ever visited Moscow. Preferred the country. Didn't care for people. I was, I believe, his only friend."

From time to time, through the years that followed, Delyanoff had given Alexis additional and always unimportant

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN



Sitting close to her, he told himself that he was in love with her. Violently in love.

details: the kind which would have applied to the average Russian country gentleman of those days. And after a while, when with adolescence life had become more of a personal matter, the boy had begun to doubt the older man, had finally ceased to believe him altogether.

Not as to Olga. She was his mother. But his father—killed by Turkomans; not a single letter of his in existence; not a single photograph, not a single friend, not a single—oh, something to bring him out of the dim realm of shadows and endow him with the breath of reality . . . ?

A story made out of whole cloth!

The truth—he had been convinced—was that Olga had been the Prince's mistress and that he himself was the illegitimate son. Evidently Delyanoff was embarrassed at admitting it—and this had amused the boy. Why, he had reflected, there was no cause for embarrassment. Such things happened.

The moral aspect?

He had smiled.

One day he told his guardian that it was time he made something of his life. The army. Of course.

Delyanoff had been against it; had finally given in.

"Very well. I'll write to the commander in chief in Moscow. I'll pull a few wires. If you must be a gold-braided jackanapes, you might as well do it in style. The Cossack Guards for you." He had coughed. "By the way, don't mention your parents in Moscow. It might cause—oh, bad feelings. Because," in a rush of words, "your father—that was one of the reasons why he buried himself in the country—was an idealistic hothead when he was your age; got mixed up in some silly revolutionary intrigue. Therefore—you understand . . . ?"

Alexis had suppressed a laugh; had looked fondly and a little patronizingly at Delyanoff; had reflected here was another cock-and-bull story, invented on the spur of the moment, lest the truth shock him.

SO now he was in Moscow. Smart in his new uniform. Flattered and slightly awed at finding himself, with all the other officers of the Cossack Guards, in the palace of a grand duchess—and, after a while, rather put out when he noticed that nobody paid attention to him.

He scowled. Gloomily he stared at his shoes, unaware of the girl who stood there observing him.

She spoke suddenly:

"Would you give me a cigarette?"

"Oh"—he turned, saw her—"certainly."

He fumbled about, saw that his case was empty; and she said:

"All right. I'll have one of my own."

He laughed. So did she. She opened her case and offered him a Bostanioglo. She sat down. After a second's hesitation he took a seat beside her. They exchanged names. She was Baroness Elena de Wittegenstein; a German-Russian from Riga.

She was lovely, with her russet hair, her small waxen features, her full lips that were more coral than cherry, her nice wide forehead, clear and brave and sensible as a boy's. He told himself, quite unreasonably, that he liked her—lots.

She taught him the latest American steps, introduced via London and Paris; and he taught her some ancient Russian peasant steps which, some day, would be rediscovered and made fashionable.

This—thought Alexis—is the nicest thing that has ever happened to me. . . .

Then the music stopped. There was champagne and lobster salad; and, sitting close to her, he told himself that he was in love with her. Violently in love. The thought, the knowledge of it, occurred to him suddenly.

But his words were:

"Here goes the music again. Shall we have another dance?"

"I believe," a voice cut in sharply, "this is my waltz." An elderly man had come up, tall and lean, with a face like a weary bloodhound's.

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "I forgot, your Highness." And, indicating Alexis: "May I present Lieutenant Alexis Trepoff—his Imperial Highness Grand Duke Fyodor Alexandrovitch."

The younger man bowed deeply; and the commander in chief stared at him out of puckered, scrutinizing eyes.

"Alexis Trepoff—eh . . . ?"

"Yes, your Highness."

Alexis flushed. The calm arrogance—he thought—with which the other had interrupted the conversation, the negligently proprietary way in which he now put an arm about Elena's waist to lead her off to the dance floor!

He was conscious of jealousy, a certain dull anger—and the Grand Duke must have read a little of what passed through his mind. He laughed disagreeably; remarked: "Don't worry. The female of the species has bored me these fifteen years or so."

"And yet," smiled Elena, "you claimed this waltz."

"Self-sacrifice. I'm a Christian. I believe in kindly deeds—even toward an enemy. You see"—addressing Alexis—"our delightful little baroness is a revolutionary firebrand. Didn't know that—eh . . . ?"

"N-no, your Highness," was the stammered rejoinder.

"Well—take care she doesn't infect you with her comic notions that all men are free and equal; that the only place for a handsome Romanoff head, such as mine, is a tall spiked pole." Once more the puckered eyes stared at Alexis. "From around Orenburg—aren't you?"

"You—oh, you know?"

"I recall your name"—a pause—"vaguely. . . ."

FYODOR ALEXANDROVITCH danced off with Elena, while Alexis wondered how the other knew that he came from Orenburg. But presently he told himself it was easily explained. Prince Delyanoff had written concerning his ward to the commander in chief—who had happened to remember.

The man interested, almost fascinated him. Such cold cruelty in his gray eyes. Yet such a potent charm about him; a—oh, a poisonous Byzantine charm.

He could imagine the women who had fallen in love with him, who had been his mistresses, and whom, when he had grown tired of them, he had discarded as if they were soiled gloves.

Perhaps—Elena de Wittegenstein . . . ?

No, no! The man's attitude had been—well, fatherly was the wrong word; but something like it. And—Alexis' next reflection—had he been in earnest as well, or had he merely jested, when he had accused Elena of being a revolutionary firebrand?

Alexis decided he'd find out. So, the following week, when he called on Elena—she lived alone in Moscow; her parents were at their country estate near Riga—he asked her straight out, and her answer was calmly disconcerting:

"The Grand Duke spoke the truth. I'm studying sociology at Moscow University, and I belong to the Students' Committee for Social Justice."

"Good Lord!"

"Does it seem so incredible?" Her voice rose. "I believe in a new, free Russia. We of the new Russia shall wear freedom like a feather in our cap!" Then, seeing Alexis' startled expression, she smiled. "Did I shock my stiff-necked army officer? I'm so sorry. Let's swap a few bright words about the weather"

"Or," he laughed, "about you—and me?"

"What is there to say—about me?"

"For one thing—that you're beautiful."

"When did you find that out?"

"The moment I saw you." A silence. "Something else I found out the moment I saw you."

"Yes . . . ?"

"That I love you."

"That's funny."

"What is?"

"How we agree. You see—I love you, too."

He took her in his arms. He kissed her.

"I adore you. Chiefly your eyes. They aren't eyes at

all. They are wonderful and amazing events. They are the moon and most of the stars. They are"

"You're so silly, angel!"

But when, after a while, he spoke of marriage, she shook her head.

"I won't marry you, Alexis."

"You"—incredulously—"won't . . . ?"

"There is this fence between us. This barrier. Marriage"—she was terribly, youthfully serious—"isn't all tenderness and kisses. It must take thought of common sense if you want to be happy. And—a Cossack officer married to a revolutionary"

"Pah—you'll get over that rot."

"Rot"—angrily—"to believe in justice for the oppressed?"

"Don't be a goose!"

He raised her hand to his lips. She snatched it away.

"You're hateful!" she exclaimed.

At once he was contrite.

"Forgive me. Didn't mean to hurt your feelings." A pause. Then he tried to be lightly funny: "I plead guilty. I'm a sword-rattling Cossack. I'm rich. I drink champagne for breakfast. I sing God Save the Czar every morning in my bathtub. But don't worry. When the revolution comes, with you marching at the head, I'll reform. No more champagne. And I'll sing the Internationale in my bathtub. Perhaps, as a sound proletarian, I shall not bathe at all."

She flared up. She would not have minded had he argued for his principles, any way at all, logically or illogically; had he paraded his class prejudices; even had he been downright rude. But—oh—to ridicule her, as she saw it—to be so superior, so patronizing, so—so male

They quarreled. The next day they made up. And, though they resumed their quarrel every time he asked her to marry him, he begrudged each evening he had to spend away from her, at war college, listening to lectures about strategy; while she, in spite of her profound belief in the coming revolution, begrudged each evening she spent at the meetings of the Students' Committee for Social Justice.

THESE meetings took place two or three times a week and were attended by young people of both sexes, all university students, rich and poor—a vivid cross section of that fantastic racial hodgepodge which was Holy Russia. Packed into a small room. Drinking tea. Smoking cigarettes. Bombarding each other with endless blurred yet cocksure pronouncements. All about universal brotherhood—to be achieved, somehow, by the spilling of bourgeois blood and by bankers and priests and army officers strung from trees.

A bacchanal of words. Yet tremendous sincerity endowed them with something almost beautiful—and most certainly heroic in its dark tragic hunger for liberty.

Grand Duke Fyodor spoke of it one evening, wittily, cynically, when he was guest of honor at the regimental mess of the Cossack Guards; and Alexis found himself listening closely, again fascinated, conscious of a queer mingling of like and dislike.

Another guest, Prince Kurloff, the chief of police, had mentioned the Students' Committee, suggesting it was high time to stop their nonsense; and the Grand Duke said:

"Why spoil their fun?"

"But, your Highness, suppose it succeeds some day?"

"It's bound to succeed, sooner or later. Ultimately the longing for freedom will beat all nations, even Holy Russia." He pronounced the last words with a sneer. "It isn't possible, at least in the long run, to defeat a striving for a decent object."

The officers exchanged startled glances, and Kurloff exclaimed:

"Decent?"

"You doubt it, Prince? I don't. For revolution fights for the future, the making of history, while people like us fight for the buried past. And ever," in his cutting Romanoff voice, "the future is finer than the past. Ever the makers of history are less selfish than the guardians of tradition." He lit a cigarette. "But I hope the masses

will be tactful enough to wait with their upheaval until I'm dead. For I enjoy life so much—the sort of life I lead—and my radical friends wouldn't approve of it. They've no taste—no appreciation of what is beautiful . . .”

The rest of his sentence was blotted out by a loud crash as something flew through the window, splintering it into a thousand fragments. Something black and round, that struck the table, bobbed and rolled along the damask cloth, dropped on the floor with a dull *plop*.

The officers jumped up.

A bomb. . . .

A panicky rush for the doors—and only two men remaining calm: Alexis, who, whatever his fear, tried to keep the flint in his eyes; and the Grand Duke, who looked at the younger man with amused approval, then cried: “No cause for fright, gentlemen. A dud. Did not go off. How pathetically Russian!”

With his foot he touched the bomb which lay on the carpet, unexploded and harmless. There was tremulous high-pitched laughter; and the Grand Duke pointed at a lovely Venetian wine carafe which the bomb had smashed.

“A case in point,” he remarked. “No appreciation for what is beautiful.” He turned to the chief of police. “You will catch the culprit.” His voice was hard. “A life for a life. Or, if not for a life, then for a priceless bit of Italian craftsmanship.”

“There is,” Kurloff reminded him, “the Czar's decree abolishing capital punishment.”

“I'm aware of it.” Fyodor smiled slowly. “And yet, are there not—ah—ways and means . . . ?”

THEY caught Vladimir Blaustein, the Jewish medical student who had thrown the bomb. They beat him for four hours with a knout. They poured raw vodka into the wounds. They stripped him and tossed him out into the snow, where merciful death overtook him. And a cry of horror and hate swept through the university; ran, like a shuddering echo, through all Moscow.

And so, two days later, with the streets deserted because of the biting cold, there came suddenly, from the distance, a steady tramp-tramp of feet sloshing and crunching through the snow; a blurred symphony of voices and, occasionally, a single cry breaking savagely free:

“*Da zdrastvooyet revolutzia* [Long live the revolution]!” And, more ominously:

“*Doloy Romanovyi* [Down with the Romanoffs]!”

The next moment the procession swept around the corner. The university students demonstrating against the murder of Vladimir Blaustein.

And then, from the opposite direction, as if in answer, an echoing thunder of hoofs, of neighing horses, of jingling headstalls, of guttural yells—Cossack yells. “Charge!” they meant—and “Give them the whip!” And afterward it became known that it was Grand Duke Fyodor, not the chief of police, who that day had gone to the barracks of the Cossack Guards and given the order to disperse the students.

“Make a thorough job of it!” he had said.

Nearer and nearer, louder and louder grew the tumult—as presently the troopers galloped out—and a flash of lances and swords, a swinging of rawhide whips, and again the piercing yells.

Then the attack. The students, boys and girls, without

weapons. Voices cursing, shouting hate, imploring mercy. Bodies falling, ridden over. Steel striking home. Flails lashing, whistling. The snow dyed red . . .

And Alexis Trepoff, servant of the Czar, riding in the front rank, slashing down with his sword, spurring on his horse—and recognizing, too late, among the fleeing mob a young girl whose name was Elena de Wittegenstein—who fell and died under the trampling hoofs.

Therefore, forty-eight hours later, it being Sunday, he took careful aim from where he stood beneath the baroque portico of the Church of the Ekaterinoslav Regiment, and shot Grand Duke Fyodor through the heart. Therefore—since, after all, though a murderer, he was

still an aristocrat and not to be brutally tortured by the police as had been Vladimir Blaustein—he was sentenced for life to the Siberian mines. Del-
yanoff came up from the country and visited him in jail.

“The papers,” he said, “report you shot the Grand Duke because you had joined the revolutionary party.”

“A lie.” Alexis was indignant. “I'm a loyal subject of the Czar. I shot him because . . .”

“I know. And I wonder how you found out. I tried so hard to keep it hidden from you. You killed him because of what he did to your mother when she was a young girl—and then . . .” He sighed. “Still, to kill your own father—I hope the blessed saints will forgive you, little dove.”

So, at the end of the month, having been taken to Tomsk by train, Alexis Trepoff trudged toward the frozen north, while left and right and front and back of him the ankle irons of his fellow prisoners clanked sardonic punctuation to his black thoughts.

A few years later, near the end of the war—with the Czar's armies beaten by the Germans—revolution rolled over Russia like a sheet of flame. And to some it spelled a fine noble ideal, and to others grotesque fanaticism; to some cruelty and lust and revenge, and to others a chance to line their pockets with gold; to some a mere change from monotony and boredom, and to others a sort of grim twisted amusement. But to the Siberian convicts it spelled freedom—spelled high honors to those who had taken part in former abortive rebellions.

For instance, to Comrade Alexis Trepoff.

Had he not killed the bloody oppressor, the Grand Duke Fyodor Alexandrovitch?

And it was typical of Alexis Trepoff that he did not go west to enlist in the ranks of the Bolsheviks, but east, where he joined the White Russians to battle against these same Bolsheviks. For he was still the Russian aristocrat. The Russian aristocrat, too, eighteen months later, when, with the White counterrevolution crushed, he had fled across China and the Pacific, had gone to America; had finally reached New York and become a taxicab driver. The Russian aristocrat tonight, when he prayed for the repose of the soul of the girl whom he had loved and of the father whom he had killed; when, his prayer over, he stood up, clicked his heels, and saluted smartly, with his eyes straight on the altar; when, as he turned to go, he thought:

Yes—once in a while I feel like talking to the Captain. And—ah—grant it, golden-mouthed St. Chrysostom!—grant it, St. Isaac!—grant it, St. Nicholas!—grant it, all you blessed saints! Maybe—some day—the Captain will talk to me.

THE END



ARE NEW BLOOD-TEST LAWS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

It was hot, those last few days in June, too hot to work. But one office in the otherwise deserted Municipal Building in New York City was buzzing like a bee.

It was the Marriage License Bureau.

Ah, yes, you say; romance!

Maybe. But the lovers who were keeping these perspiring politicians from Coney's cooling sands weren't swooning to the altar under June's hymeneal urge. They were trying to beat the July 1 dead line so they wouldn't have to take a blood test to find out if they had syphilis.

July came in on a Friday, and suddenly the demand for marriage licenses dropped. On that first day only seven licenses were issued in all five boroughs of the city; on the following day, only five. These figures for Greater New York were all-time marital lows. Similar conditions prevailed throughout the state.

A disturbing situation, especially that mad June rush, to all who believe—and who doesn't?—that the marriage of syphilitics in the infectious stage should be strictly prohibited. But similar results have invariably followed attempts of well meaning legislators to force lovers who are about to marry to find out the medical facts about each other and themselves.

This subject, I realize, is not one about which to sentimentalize; but there is a pathetic note in the eagerness of these young people not to allow anything to happen on the eve of their marriages that might darken, let alone postpone or prevent, the beginning of their life together. They don't want to think about such a disenchanting subject in the climactic days of their romance. And to my possibly dated way of looking at things, their feeling is understandable. Therefore, I would like to suggest that we take steps at once—and they *can* be taken—to eliminate so far as possible this unnecessarily brutal juxtaposition of blood tests and orange blossoms.

A more tangible objection to the blood-test laws *as they are now written* is that they do not always accomplish what they are intended to accomplish, namely, to keep syphilitics in the infectious state from marrying, and they often work cruel and irretrievable injustice on those who have every right to marry.

There are two general classifications of syphilis—early and late.

The risk of infection from late syphilis, where the patient has had the germ in his system for, say, five years, is relatively small; after a treatment of not more than six months, the risk becomes infinitesimal.

On the other hand, the risk of infection from an early case, in the first few weeks of the disease, is so great that marriage should be delayed from two to five years, according to the patient's response to treatment.

And now comes the irony of the situation—and, to my way of thinking, absolute proof of the fatuity of depending on one blood test taken on the eve of marriage.

Early syphilis, where the most chance of infection exists, seldom shows up under a laboratory examination, whereas late syphilis, where the chance of infection is small and can easily be rendered negligible, is 95 per cent sure to show a positive result. Yet, under existing premarital blood-test laws, persons with the former may receive licenses, while persons with the latter, who have every right to marry, may be refused.

Also, authorities agree that many who do not have syphilis and never had syphilis show positive reac-

tions under a Wassermann test. Persons who have suffered from yaws or relapsing fever invariably give a positive result; victims of malaria frequently do. Yet, according to any law which makes a blood test the sole criterion of a person's fitness, these innocent non-syphilitic citizens are not permitted to marry.

Obviously, then, measures based on a premarital blood test, *as such*, won't do. Neither will hastily drawn laws hastily passed, which do not protect and do unjustly persecute.

The present agitation about syphilis is less than two years old. But we have had antisiphilis laws before; and not only we, but the rest of the world. The more one studies these laws and the records of people's reactions to them, the more one realizes that we have recently gone a little too fast and too blindly on this premarital blood-test business.

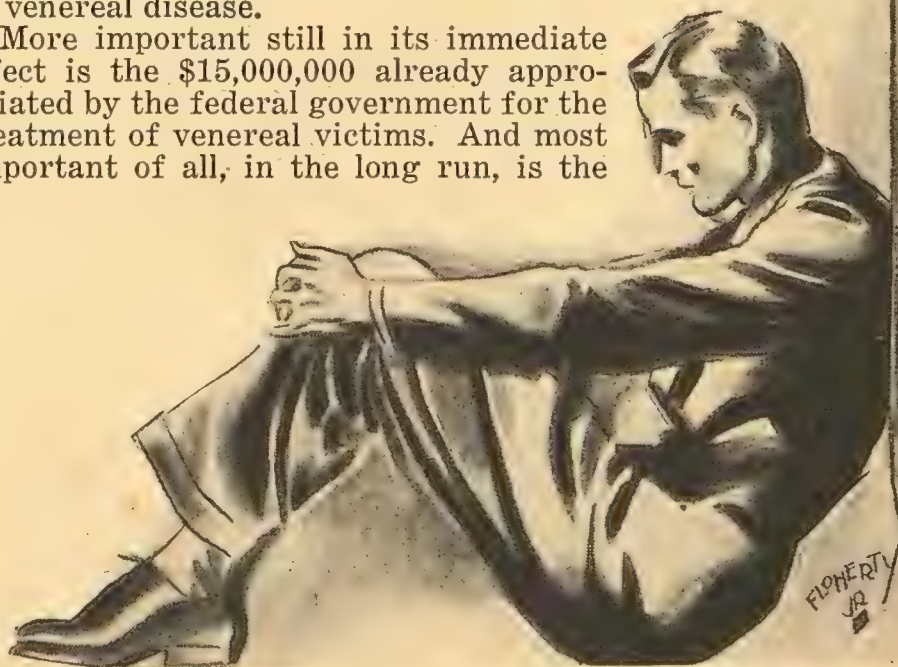
Syphilis is news only because a lot of people are hearing about it for the first time. Actually, scientists, and governments, too, have been fighting it for centuries. After the discovery by Schaudinn and Hoffmann of the syphilis germ, *Spirochæta pallida*, in 1905, the invention of the Wassermann test in 1907, and the finding by Ehrlich in 1910 of salvarsan, a cure for syphilis, organized medicine could, by acting promptly, have prevented the syphilitic scourge in America today.

But the so-called "leaders" of the medical profession in that day had no use for the germ theory. And, too, in the case of this particular germ, their reluctance to consider it was bulwarked by prudishness.

Then, after a quarter of a century of medical silence, that other anathema of organized medicine, a government doctor, Surgeon General Thomas Parran, Jr., had the courage to speak right out in meeting about venereal disease.

Organized medicine is now making a belated, though welcome attempt to participate in the fight, which is well on the way to victory. But more important than the efforts of the American Medical Association are the outspoken newspaper and magazine articles and radio talks by such men as Surgeon General Parran, General John J. Pershing, and Stanford President Ray Lyman Wilbur, the decision of 144 important American colleges to give every student a blood test, the post-graduate courses in syphilis control for health officers and general practitioners being established by various universities, and the bill before Congress to provide appropriations over a thirteen-year period for the prevention, treatment, and control of venereal disease.

More important still in its immediate effect is the \$15,000,000 already appropriated by the federal government for the treatment of venereal victims. And most important of all, in the long run, is the



REDUCING MARRIAGES?

tremendous stimulus this sudden widespread interest in the "forbidden" topic has given to scientific research looking to a speeding up of the process of cure. And where psychology as well as physiology is involved, one quick cure is worth a hundred slow ones.

That remarkable "fixer" of men and machines, Charles F. "Boss" Kettering, vice-president of General Motors, who gave us the self-starter and the modern Frigidaire, has evolved a fever-machine cure for syphilis and gonorrhea which, with a moderate amount of a standard treatment, accomplishes remarkable results within two or three weeks' time.

Down at Johns Hopkins, Urologist John Archibald Colston has been experimenting with a gonorrhea cure which is even speedier. He cures acute cases of the disease in four days with forty cents' worth of Prontylin. So far, he has been 85 per cent successful. As in the case of the fever treatment, great care must be exercised in administering this method of cure.

What this last discovery means to community health is clear when it is realized that gonorrhea, which is one of the chief causes of sterility, blindness, and ill health in wives and children, afflicts 13,000,000 people, just twice as many as syphilis. The figures are those of the United States Health Service.

On the curative side there is little for us, the general public, to do. On the preventive side there is much that we can still do. There is certainly the will to do it. What we seem to be confused about is the way.

Perfunctory premarital examinations—carrying with them the possibility of inaccuracy, fraud, tragic injustice, irremediable unhappiness, and psychic ruin—are obviously not the way.

What, then, is the way? A campaign of education. By this method and by voluntary treatment—with-

out compulsory measures—tuberculosis, a disease far tougher to deal with from a strictly medical point of view, is on the way to being conquered in this country. And Sweden, where syphilis is nearer being licked than anywhere else in the world, has never bothered with premarital-examination laws in her effective crusade.

Lovers on the eve of marriage want to avoid such disenchanting subjects as blood tests.

In both instances the job has been done with "a gradually developed, nation-wide dragnet covering the whole population, married, engaged, or single, backed up by sweeping educational work and ample facilities for treatment available to everybody."

The first job in this educational campaign is to show unfortunate wives who have already been infected how they can prevent handing on the infection to their future offspring. New York and New Jersey insist that every pregnant woman be given a blood test for syphilis. Every state should join in that insistence.

The second job is to arouse parents, teachers, and employers of young people to the necessity of blood tests for every unmarried person, starting with the first years of adolescence. Here, and not in holy wedlock, is where the first danger of infection occurs, and where, due to ignorance induced by parental and pedagogical prudishness, the fatal disease is all too often contracted.

It is probably too much to hope that the syphilis educational campaign will receive much help

from the present generation of parents or teachers. For teachers, no matter how broad-minded they may be, cannot safely go against the wishes of the parents in a matter of this kind.

But neither parents who are unwilling to talk to their children nor teachers who are afraid to do so can possibly object to a broadening of the official health service—now concerned chiefly with eyesight, teeth, and the comparatively mild contagious diseases of childhood—to include a yearly blood test, the nature or purpose of which may or may not be explained to the child.

The result of these two routine procedures—the examination of all pregnant women and the annual examination of all unmarried youth—will be to bring to the marriage altar generations of young men and women who will not need to worry during the weeks before their weddings as to whether or not they are clean.

They will *know* they are clean.

As to us adults, the method is equally simple and should be almost equally effective.

Forty million people go to see doctors every year, or ask doctors to come and see them. If it were routine for every doctor—as it should be if he pretends to be doing a good job on diagnosis—to include a blood test in his examination, in a few years—since practically everybody gets sick *some* time—the present-day adult social-disease problem would be solved.

Of course the right hospital facilities and the right hospital attitude must be provided for the treatment after the disease is discovered. Many hospitals now have no adequate equipment for treating syphilis.

The American Medical Association, which controls the hospitals, can, if it wishes, make them co-operative with the movement to suppress social disease. If it does not, the federal government will do so for it. And if the government does do it, annual Wassermann tests will be compulsory for every man, woman, and child.

What better way could the government spend the money it has appropriated for medical care than for the elimination of the greatest menace which now exists to the health and happiness of the American people!

THE END

This is **TREASURE-**

BY ALBERT ORBAAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TREADING the sea bottom off Admiralty Island, Alaska, in a check-up on salvage work on the sunken treasure ship *Islander*, Charles W. Huckins, Seattle diver, stepped on something soft and slimy—something that at once entwined his leg.

He recoiled, kicking ineffectually. Lacking a weapon, he glanced upward and beheld a blade of one of the wreck's propellers. He lunged up and grasped it, signaled the salvage ship to hoist him, and with a last savage kick freed his leg. Once aboard the ship, he secured a spear and again clambered over the bulwarks.

Fathom on fathom he descended to where the barnacle-encrusted hulk lay. Pride of the Canadian Pacific line, the *Islander*, with a party of minders and a reputed \$3,000,000 on board, had crashed into an iceberg in 1901 and gone down with a loss of seventy-eight lives. The hulk was now attached by steel cables to two salvage ships above. After two years of arduous work it was about to be dragged to the surface.

Huckins lumbered toward the stern—then stood still. A monstrous living thing was wrapped about a propeller blade only a few feet away from him. In the middle of it appeared two black cavities—the eyes of the devilfish.

A long tentacle lashed out toward him. He quickly backed away. Should one or two of those coils wrap themselves firmly about him, it would almost certainly mean a lingering death. He knew there was only one vital spot, knew he must wait for the fleeting instant when the monster's head would come within reach of his spear.

A second, a third, a fourth tentacle flickered out. Huckins barely managed to dodge them. Suddenly the head half rose from the propeller and swayed forward.

It was now or never. Weaving between the outstretched tentacles, he lunged in and thrust. A wide gash appeared between the devilfish's eyes. All its tentacles milled madly. It hovered a moment, then slithered away into the deep as he was hoisted to the surface.

A few days later the treasure ship was raised, and workmen began to remove the tons and tons of mud and barnacles. Then followed anxious hours for Frank Curtis, in charge of the salvage operations. Had the *Islander* really carried a huge amount of gold dust—not merely a lot of perishable paper currency? If so, had the vaults slipped out of the hull to the sea bottom when the bow had been smashed? Were months of toil and an expenditure of \$250,000 to be rewarded?

On August 8, 1934, a very small amount of gold was reported found. Since then, little more has been accomplished. In all, only about \$50,000 worth of gold dust is understood to have been recovered from the *Islander*.

Huckins' undersea battle is but one of countless thrilling adventures involved in man's endless quest for lost treasure. In recent years there has been a noticeable augmentation of this quest, due possibly to the depression but more probably to the fact that modern diving equipment and salvaging machinery are making it less and less a gamble.

Through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, back and forth across the Atlantic plied Spain's proudest galleons, laden on their homeward voyages with the riches of South America and Mexico. But vast quantities of this wealth—chests of plate and bullion, doubloons, onzas, castellanos, pieces of eight, and altarpieces ablaze with jewels and church vestments heavy with thread of gold—never reached their destination. Pirates, buccaneers saw

Weaving between the outstretched tentacles, Huckins lunged in and thrust.



HUNTING TIME

True, stirring tales of man's search for lost gold beneath the sea . . . It still goes on!

to that in many cases. What they did not take or sink, hurricanes and jagged reefs accounted for.

Although some of the sunken treasures of the Spanish Main have been found and salvaged, millions are there still. Off the Cuban coast you can see in clear weather the hulk of the Don Carlos II, lying barely five fathoms below the surface. This ship struck a reef in 1812. Native divers from time to time have recovered a total of some 2,500 gold coins, but the bulk of the treasure is still there, and it amounted to \$1,240,000.

Farther south lie the coral-encrusted ruins of the old Port Royal, to which the pirates of the Main brought their plunder until the town was both the richest and the wickedest in the world. Then, in June, 1692, an earthquake plunged Port Royal into the sea. Today its outlines can be seen dimly, but as far as is known its supposed treasures have eluded all searchers.

In 1687, William Phips, a reputable young mariner of Salem, Massachusetts, fared forth to salvage treasure from sixteen Spanish galleons that had gone down north of Santo Domingo in a hurricane. It was his second expedition; as before, he spent months searching vainly. He was about to give it up when one of his crew espied a sea feather of rare beauty, and had an Indian diver sent down to get it. The diver came up with a startling story and a bar of silver. By sheer luck he had dropped into the bullion room of one of the galleons. The result was the salvaging of silver, gold, and jewels worth \$2,000,000 in present-day currency.

Since Phips' time, nine different expeditions are said to have recovered about \$1,000,000 worth from the other fifteen galleons. But that would leave submerged more than \$65,000,000 worth, considering what the sunken fleet carried.

In 1702 seventeen ships from the Spanish Main dropped anchor in Vigo Bay, Spain. Their cargoes of gold and silver were valued at \$100,000,000. A hostile English fleet bore down on Vigo—and presently the galleons, in flames, plunged to the bottom. The next day the English made futile attempts to recover what they knew was the richest hoard ever brought from the New World. Since then only two of the galleons have been located, and not even modern science and machinery have been able to salvage more than a small fraction of this great treasure.

Within the past few years, plans for recovering the treasure of the Santissima Concepcion have been outlined by an American expert, Harry L. Bowdoin, director of his own salvage company, deep-sea diver, and engineer. It was in 1670 that this Spanish galleon, riddled by fire from the pursuing ship of the pirate Red Leg, was driven by wind and current upon the twin rocks off the Venezuelan coast that are known as The Frails.

"There in 187 feet of water, between the rocks, she lies," Mr. Bowdoin told the writer. "As far as I know, no one has touched the treasure—about \$5,000,000. I intend to go after it. With my articulated steel diving shell, which can withstand the pressure of such deep water, I will be able to work freely and in safety."

This diving apparatus proved highly satisfactory in 1933 during Mr. Bowdoin's operations on the sunken liner Merida, which lies in 210 feet of water sixty miles off the Virginia capes. The Merida sank May 12, 1911, after a collision. Among the valuables that went down with her are believed to be the crown jewels of the tragic Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. Mr. Bowdoin and his assistants worked on the wreck all summer and brought up a safe, a few silver coins, and some bronze.

Last August an Italian treasure ship, the Falco, reported that she expected to complete removal of the Merida's treasure within two weeks. It was impressive news, for the Falco represented the world's leadership in modern scientific deep-sea salvage: witness the wondrous five-million-dollar job that was done in 1932-35 by the Sorima Company on the sunken P. & O. liner Egypt, 400 feet beneath the surface of the Bay of Biscay. But in September the Falco's captain gave up his attempts

on the Merida, expecting to resume them next spring.

The San Pedro de Alcantara, a Spanish warship, sank in the Bay of Cumana, Venezuela, in 1815. The wreck lies in sixty feet of water, and is supposed to have in its strong rooms some \$5,000,000 in gold and jewels. In 1854, a diver for a Boston submarine salvage company had recovered about \$250,000 from it when political disturbances forced the company to withdraw. In recent years Mr. Bowdoin is understood to have secured an exclusive concession from the Venezuelan government to operate on both the Santissima Concepcion and the Alcantara.

In or near Hell Gate, well within New York City, lies the British frigate Hussar with a reputed \$2,000,000 in gold, brought over to pay British soldiers during the Revolution. Strong currents have balked attempts to secure this treasure. In 1936, Simon Lake, the veteran pioneer submarine designer, was convinced that he had as good as located the Hussar's hull. He notified Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, who arranged for the government to claim its share of the expected salvage. Lake even hoped to raise the Hussar's hull for exhibition at New York's World's Fair in 1939. But, as far as is known at this writing, his efforts were to meet with complete disappointment.

Tradition has it that the giant Cunard liner Lusitania, sunk—as every one knows—by a German submarine on May 7, 1915, off the coast of Ireland, is the undersea repository of treasure untold. Authorities are agreed that she cannot have had on board any great amount of gold, though doubtless many valuables went down with her ill-fated passengers. A notable attempt to find and search the Lusitania was made in 1935 by the Ophir, a salvage ship from Glasgow. On October 6 of that year, after more than one high hope had proved false, the Ophir's Captain Russell reported that he had located a large wreck on the sea bottom, and on October 27, that a diver had gone down and identified it. But early in November the stormy weather with which the Ophir had been contending forced a postponement of further operations, which now appears to have become indefinite.

Probably the greatest treasure in gold bullion ever wrested by salvagers from the sea was brought up from the Laurentic, sunk by a mine off northern Ireland early in 1917. She sank to a depth of 120 feet. In her strong rooms was a consignment of \$35,000,000 to American bankers. Within 1917, salvage operations were begun by British navy divers under the command of Captain C. C. Damant. By the end of 1924 over 99 per cent of the treasure had been recovered, at a total cost of between 2 and 3 per cent of its value.

Owing to improved methods and precautions, there were no accidents to life or limb, and there were only thirty-one cases of "bends" among some five thousand divers—a remarkable achievement in view of the fact that 120 feet is considered the limit for such rubber suits as were used in the operations.

These divers used an apparatus which amply demonstrated the advantage of modern equipment in treasure-seeking. It consisted of a clocklike dial aboard the salvage ship, connected with a spear in the hands of the diver working below. The hand on the dial moved to the left of the zero mark when the spear was prodded against a piece of iron, copper, or the like, but swung to the right when the spear touched gold. It veered farther when the spear came in contact with an eighteen-carat bar than when it touched one of only nine carats.

In August, 1934, news dispatches reported that an additional \$1,000,000 in bullion, left over from the previous salvage operations, had been brought up from the Laurentic.

THE END



Hedy at the age of four.

A Candid PORTRAIT

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SHE is the magnificent personification of all beauty," said Reginald Gardiner at a party not long ago. He was speaking about Hedy Lamarr. Also, obviously,

he was speaking about the woman he loved.

But Gardiner is not alone in his opinion of the young Austrian actress who was first noticed in *Ecstasy*, the imported picture that the censors made box-office by trying to forbid. Ever since the cameraman of *Algiers* caught the mystery, the secret beauty, that is hers, she has been headed for highest stardom.

With the death of Jean Harlow and the fading of Dietrich, Hollywood was in desperate need of a new shot of glamour. Lamarr is it. Dressed in slacks and a sweater, she is more intriguing than other stars in sequins.

Hedy's beauty is ninety per cent inherent, ten per cent studio-created. Her lovely hands, the bone structure of her face, her clear skin, her teeth, her hair are heaven's gifts; the rest is Max Factor and lighting. So it is with every star, of course. Her figure is the European ideal of a figure, a very little full-blown. She would eat candy every moment, but must not because of that figure.

If you go to see her, you will find her in the new bigger house to which she has recently moved from the five-room cottage she had at first. She will talk to you without the American idiom but also without accent, since in the beginning she bought *Whispering Smith* records—of all things—and played them over and over until she got the inflection. Her hands will move incessantly. She will catch herself using a new word, repeat it, croon with delight over it.

She will answer most of the things you ask about herself so long as she may simultaneously maintain her dignity, and you may come away with the impression that here is simply another foreign star carefully exuding charm. Or you may leave her with the uneasy feeling that you have talked to a woman who has led three complete lives, whose heart has been broken, but who—by some unearthly magic—is still young and vital and living. The second would be the true impression.

Her unbelievable life really begins on the day in her fifteenth year when she got a job as script girl at the Sascha studios in Vienna, since it was from this beginning that she progressed to a role in *Storm in a Water Glass*, and thence to fame. Before that she had lived the sheltered, uninvolved existence of a banker's daughter in Vienna. Her name was Hedwig Kiesler then; Hedy (pronounced *Haydee*) is the diminutive.

Her own story of the manner in which she was duped into making *Symphony of Love*—later to be called *Ecstasy* and to win the *Grand Prix* for artistic films in Rome—is one of a very young girl's credulity and a shrewd producer's deception. She applied for the role in a nervous stew, understood nothing of the projected idea, and was so anxious for the opportunity that she signed the contract without reading it.

The company went on location. Then, explains Hedy, the director told her one afternoon: "We will take the undraped scenes now."

When she protested, he offered the simple alternative: "You have signed an agreement to play in this picture.

If you refuse, you must pay the cost of the scenes already filmed. It is the law."

To her sixteen-year-old mind this meant ruin. The director promised only long shots would be made. She capitulated. The other scenes she made with distaste but without a murmur, feeling that in any case she was in for it. But the preview, in Prague, was a shock. There were many close-ups, and she screamed at the director, who sat in the next seat, and subsequently went home to weep.

Even so, the episode would have been of minor importance except for two things. The first: *Ecstasy* gained world recognition through the Rome award. The second: In Europe the film was art; in America it was sex rearing a beautiful—but to the women's clubs distasteful—head.

At the time, though, Hedy was annoyed but complacent. She played the starring role, a good one, in the play *Sissy*, produced in Vienna. Admirers sent roses to her dressing room, tried to see her. She sent most of them away, including one man named Fritz Mandl. She might as well have seen him at once.

Mandl, through sheer force of personality and a fantastic determination, had built one of the greatest munitions fortunes in the world. He desired Hedy and got her, as he had taken everything else he had wanted.

Mandl's ruthlessness, his vital charm, fascinated her. She married him and his billions, and walked directly into a life of the most exquisite boredom. Mandl caged her, draped her in ropes of magnificent jewels, and refused her even the faintest opportunity for self-expression. Her passionate love was translated to hate just as passionate. She asked for her freedom. He laughed, saw that she was watched even more closely, and went on spending incredible sums trying to buy up the prints of *Ecstasy*—a campaign which failed.

In the end she was forced to plot and execute a dramatic escape. With the help of her personal maid, Hedy packed a few furs and a bucket or two of jewels one night when Mandl was away on business, and fled to Paris. He followed her, and she dashed to London. There she got an interview with Louis

Mayer, signed the contract he offered, and grabbed the first boat for America. It was necessary, in her haste, to leave behind her mother, who was by this time a widow and whom Hedy loves above all others in this world.

In Hollywood Hedy faced the negative reaction caused by the widespread, and highly disputed, showing of *Ecstasy*, and languished under the inattention of her studio, which was not disposed to use her.

She might have had to return to Europe, possibly to Mandl, had she not met Charles Boyer and Walter Wanger at a party. "There," said Boyer, "is the Gaby for *Algiers*." He persuaded Wanger to test her, and subsequently to borrow her from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The direct overnight ascent of her star amazes and bewilders her—for, in spite of her mystery and beauty, she is essentially a simple person. Not so much, however, as she amazes Hollywood, which expects her actions, her attitudes, even her ideas to conform to its own success pattern.

For one thing, Hollywood cannot understand her love for Reginald Gardiner. He's attractive, amusing; a witty Englishman with nice manners and ready laughter. But he's no dark-eyed mystery man, nor yet an obvious Lothario. She met him at a dinner given by Ronald Colman. Reggie approached her and said casually, "Hello. I'm glad to know you." A little later he asked, "Would you like to see the terrace?"

Will she be Jean Harlow's successor? The facts about Hollywood's new siren and her strange, stormy past
BY HOWARD SHARPE



OF HEDY LAMARR

Outside, with the city spread below and an oversized moon in the sky, she waited for the inevitable. It didn't come. Reggie was friendly, detached, interested in her as a person. The fact that he made no passes impressed her so much that she straightway made friends with him. "And since that night we have remained such," Hedy says quaintly. "We have seen each other every day and have never been bored."

Hollywood has done things to her. She lost fifteen pounds because of the climate and change of diet, and can't get them back—which is just as well.

She has been lonely and homesick. She lives alone with a companion-secretary-maid, one Erika. She swims at her agent's pool, shunning the beaches and the staring crowds. She signs autographs willingly but with a certain wonder that any one should want them. She asked the studio to photograph the Four Star Marquee, where Algiers was showing, so she could send the picture home to her mother to prove that her lighted name was in letters as large as Charles Boyer's. This is one portion of her character.

Yet Hedy has the most incredible personal sophistication. She knows the peculiarly European art of being womanly; she knows what men want in a beautiful woman, what attracts them; and she forces herself to be these things. She has magnetism with warmth, something that neither Dietrich nor Garbo has managed to achieve.

She has the largest diamonds and one of the only real

chinchilla coats in town. Nevertheless, she is frugal. She will keep orchids until they wither. Her economy is not dictated by greed. It's protective.

The future of Hedy Lamarr professionally is probably assured. What will happen to her personally is problematical. Her legal divorce from Mandl, which she got in Paris, is final; but she is a stanch Catholic and the Holy Rota has not yet passed on her application for an annulment.

She almost certainly will not marry Gardiner—or any one else—since mentally and emotionally she is engrossed in her career.

But she will not lack for admirers. She has approximately a million and a half of them now, whose devotional admission quarters are making the national box-office register clang merrily night after night.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MANY young women write to me asking what kind of work they should take up in order to have adventuresome careers. They'd like to travel in a far-flung way. They can't join the navy, so I point to Lucile Swan as an example, and say: Why not try Art?

Lucile Swan is a talented sculptress from Chicago. On a trip round the world she stopped off in China, expecting to stay a couple of months. That was nine years ago, and she's back home now for the first time since. In Peiping she modeled portraits of native celebrities, elegant Chinese society girls, Chinese patriarchs of the old school, and gigantic Chinese wrestlers. Mongolia's *Living Buddha* sat for her; as did Dr. Hu Shih, China's present Ambassador to Washington. For Dr. Franz Weidenreich, Rockefeller Foundation scientist there, she reconstructed the likeness of humanity's senior ancestor—the famous hundred-thousand-year-old Peking Man.

Her studio-residence formerly had been the private temple of a bygone Manchu prince. The little place was staffed by four servants, which seemed rather enervating to Miss Swan's mother, who came out from Chicago to pay her a visit. Her mother said, "This is all very luxurious, Lucile, but I'm afraid it's making you lazy." Miss Swan just smiled and let the China influence take its course. "Within a week," she tells me, "mother herself acquired the habit of being waited on hand and foot."

Random notes from my talk with Miss Swan: . . . Nobody knows for sure how old the Peking Man is; a hundred thousand years is the most conservative guess. . . . Peiping is overrun with fantastically mixed mongrel dogs called *wanks*. You see the big head and body of a German police dog on the low stumpy legs of a dachshund. . . . The best Pekingese dogs come

from London now—not from Peiping. Apart from her portrait work, Lucile Swan specializes in exquisite statuette figures less than two feet high. "I make them that size," she says, "to fit the scale of modern apartment-house decorating." . . . Excellent idea. . . . Before returning to China, she is exhibiting her sculpture here, at Washington and New York.

☆ It always tickles me to realize that silly women aren't the only ones to fall for glib salesmanship. Not long ago the great Dr. Albert Einstein, relativity wizard, couldn't resist a young fellow who sold him an *elevator* for his modest Princeton home. There was no room in the house for an elevator, and the sale had to be firmly canceled. But I like the sweet-dispositioned doctor for falling—even as you and I!

☆ A reader sends me this pathetic story about a storm-swept lady and a bewitched taximan. She hailed him one tempestuous night; told him to drive her to the railroad station. He reached out and opened the door. At once the wind slammed it shut. Without looking back he stepped on his gas and sped for the station. When he got there his cab was empty. The wind-slammed door had left the lady



"That was quite a sneeze you gave in this one, Mr. Jones. God bless you!"

desolate on the sidewalk. And now the poor taximan thinks his cab must be haunted, or something.

☆ At last we have a control system for private book lending. Planned by Beach Cook, with witty byplay by Christopher Morley, it's called *The Book Detective*, and provides slip records for keeping track of the books your friends borrow. (Published by William Morrow & Co.) Comes in book form. Costs \$1.50. A good Christmas present for any booklover.

☆ In new ways, nowadays, the innocence of little children can bring surprise and pleasure. A manufacturer of my acquaintance came home in joyful mood the other night. The strike at his factory had just been settled. His plant had resumed production. He waltzed his wife round the house to celebrate—and the noise woke up the kids, so they joined the party. After gleefully shouting herself hoarse, the six-year-old daughter became suddenly thoughtful. "Papa," she asked, "what is a strike?"

"Oh, baby," exclaimed her father, "don't I wish I didn't know!"

☆ A mouse at my summer cottage developed such a passion for this new cake of mine that I have named it *Molasses Mouse Cake*. The rest of the family liked it, too. It is really a molasses-fig layer cake made as follows: . . . Mix 1 teaspoon cinnamon into 2½ cups flour. Rub 1 cup sugar smooth with 2 tablespoons butter, adding 2 eggs, 1 cup molasses, and 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup sour milk. Stir ingredients together, a little at a time. Divide and bake two separate layers in moderate oven. . . . For the filling, cook ¼ pound figs about ½ hour. Chop when cooked. Put ½ cup sugar in double boiler with 2 tablespoons cornstarch. Pour in ½ cup boiling water. Add the chopped figs, grated rind ½ orange, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Spread fig filling between molasses-cake layers and top with plain boiled frosting. . . . Then set your mousetrap!

☆ An extraordinary case of maternal justice came to my attention recently.

A girl and a boy eloped. The girl's mother tried to stop the match—not because she objected to her daughter marrying, but because she knew there was a vital reason why the girl *should* marry *another* boy, instead of the one with whom she ran away. The mother said: "I don't want my girl to take advantage of an honorable boy who has done her no harm. I can imagine how I'd feel if such a thing should happen to my own son."

Under the same circumstances, would many parents have the moral courage and integrity displayed by this mother?

THE little fellow was lying on the bare hospital cot, arms rigidly straight and teeth clenched tightly together. The blue light of a night lamp cast a merciful shadow over the boy's wide staring eyes.

"Don't come too near me, doctor. I might hurt you," he said in a strangled whisper.

Burke, the night orderly, finished lashing two restraining sheets across the little fellow's hips and chest. "I didn't like to put the kid in a strait jacket, doctor. They're too hot, and besides, the chloral's holding him."

We talked in whispers. "It's a hydrophobia case, sir. Just admitted from an orphanage. Have you seen his case record? It's at the desk," Burke said.

I sank wearily into the night supervisor's chair at the end of the gray corridor and reached for the case history marked C-32.

I read: "James Boyle, age twelve years. Orphan. Previous history not available. Dogbite in right cheek six weeks ago. No Pasteur serum given. Headache, stiffness of neck, and photophobia, three days' duration. Admitted for observation and treatment."

Treatment—hell! I was a still wet behind the ears, City Hospital medical interne for all of three months, but even I knew it was too late for treatment.

In the hospital library I read, "The incubation period varies from fifteen days to seven or eight months." This kid had been bitten six weeks ago. I read on, "Spasm of the muscles of the mouth, pharynx and larynx, especially induced by efforts at drinking. Mania may occur. Paralysis ends the scene." And under "Prognosis" I read, "When once the disease is established, no hope of recovery exists."

I reached for the telephone and called VAncluse 1-6742. A sappy voice said, "Dr. Blake is at dinner. He does not like to be disturbed unless it's an emergency."

"This is an emergency," I said.

"This is Dr. Chapman, City Medical," I began. "A twelve-year-old boy admitted this evening with hydrophobia—six weeks without treatment—active stage. Any orders, sir?"

"Too late for serum, Chapman. Give him morphine. Try chloroform if convulsions become extreme. Good night."

As I passed the corridor desk I looked at the chart.

"Awful sick boy," said a soft voice behind me. It was Miss McGregor, night supervisor, fat, gray, and fifty. "If they'd only given him serum any time within the first two weeks, he would have been all right."

Everything was quiet in C-32 except for animal breathing. The room was dark and Burke was out on the



fire escape stealing a smoke. I joined him.

"Ever see a case before?" I asked.

"Once. A girl. In a convulsion, she snapped all her belly muscles and her arm broke in my hand as I tried to hold her quiet."

"How long did she last?" I asked.

"About a week."

"Convulsions all of that time?"

"Nearly," he said.

"Slip down to the drug room and get a bottle of chloroform. We may need it."

"O. K.," said Burke and was gone.

I slipped back into the room and snapped on the blue bed light. The chloral was holding him. On a bedside tray was a loaded hypodermic and a tube of morphine tablets. Burke was a good nurse.

I gently wiped away a fleck of foam and dribble from blue-white lips. And then suddenly, as Burke opened the door, bringing the chloroform, it happened! A muffled scream, the convulsive leap of a maniac, and the restraining sheets tore like wet paper. In an instant the boy's body described a complete backward arch, the heels touching the head. Then something ripped. I heard the muscles rip, honestly I did. While Burke held him,

I shoved the needle into his arm and shot the plunger home.

"Chloroform," said Burke. And soon the room was filled with a sweet pungent odor as the chloroform dripped through a towel over the drawn and twisted mouth. Then only did the dreadful human arch flatten into quietude.

Burke applied the strait jacket.

It seemed hours before either of us spoke again.

"Mind if I have a smoke, doctor?" said Burke finally, and slipped through the window on to the fire escape.

I removed the towel. The boy breathed quietly.

"And Burke said the little girl lasted this way for a whole week," I thought.

And then I knew the answer.

On the fire escape, I could see

Burke lighting another cigarette. I wrapped a fresh towel very snugly about the little fellow's lips and nose and reached for the chloroform.

AFTER a while there wasn't any sound at all in the bare hospital room. I removed the towel and listened. Just to make sure, I slipped my stethoscope over a silent heart. Then I snapped on the white light. I wasn't a bit sorry or afraid, only suddenly very tired.

Burke came in and looked at me. I knew he knew. But all he said was, "Gee, he went quick! I'll tell everybody there was nothing we could do to stop it."

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

Liberty's Short Short
BY ELLIS JONES

Wedding **FOR THREE**

Love in trouble! . . . A hilarious tale of a bridegroom with too many brides

BY FLORENCE OSTERN FAULKNER

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE last person Cholly Ames expected to find in his bed, on returning home Monday evening, was his friend, Harvey Mackerfield. Yet there he was, a doleful picture with a rag wrapped sinisterly around his throat.

"Hello, Cholly, old man!"

You could always count on Harvey, Cholly reflected bitterly, to swoop down upon you when he wasn't in the pink.

Cholly sat down near his ailing friend. Not too near, as one never could be sure what a chap sucking a lemon was about to develop. Cholly wasn't a physical coward, but he happened to be planning his wedding for Wednesday.

"So, Casanova!" he greeted his irresponsible friend. "You've taken to parked cars again. With your larynx!"

"Could I take to them with yours?" Harvey squeaked, reasonably enough. "Besides, this time it was business." He vociferously sucked the lemon. "I caught this throat waiting in my car for Jennifer Rohmer, the tennis player. I waited three solid hours."

Though virtually on the threshold of matrimony, Cholly's gray eyes kindled. "Is she that good?"

"Don't be an ass," Harvey advised sourly. "My boss insists on her endorsed picture for the Krispy Kracker spread. He said if I couldn't get it, he'd hire somebody who could."

"How did you come out?"

Harvey sat up and moistened his

lips. "She said the suggestion was outrageous."

"So, figuring yourself practically out of work, you move in on me," Cholly groaned. "See here, Harvey, those days are over. Leila's not marrying the both of us."

With an offended air, Harvey drew the blankets well over his shoulders. "I only dropped around to get your help," he protested hoarsely. "Look, Cholly. We both know you're not handsome. A long, lean, redheaded bean pole, yes. A Robert Taylor, no. Yet, for some mysterious reason, women go for you. Even the sturdiest. Remember that rogues' gallery you had before Leila hooked you?"

Cholly smiled reminiscently.

"Even had those pictures tacked over the sink. Remember, Harvey?"

Harvey leaned forward, fanatical determination in his pale eyes. "Get me the Rohmer girl's picture, Cholly! Before Wednesday. If you don't I'm sunk!"

Cholly rose indignantly. "If you think I'm chasing strange girls' pictures the day before I marry Leila Berry, you're plain nuts."

Harvey sank back on the pillow and took refuge in his lemon. "First you take Leila from me. No, don't deny it. Leila thought I was pretty nice before she got the idea you were hard to get. But you wouldn't marry an



ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CONTENT



"You idiot!" she was shrieking. "You've killed my father!" "Gosh, I'm sorry—" Cholly felt kind of sick. "But how was I to know?"

entertainer—not you! All right. I'm trying to survive that double-cross. But now, when I'm too ill to help myself, you want to

take the very job out of my mouth. Or words to that effect." The bed creaked with Harvey's sighs. "Well, that's life for you. One fellow has his health, a swell berth with a good bond house, a beautiful girl like Leila—"

"Oh, shut up!" Cholly, who had undressed during this harangue, was trying to adapt his six feet of lankiness to the inadequacy of the lumpy day couch. Of course, one ought to see Harvey's side of it, too. Naturally, it had been a little rough on the poor chap, losing Leila so sort of un-

expectedly. Suppose this assignment did prove a little tough? Cholly felt, with his vacation starting tomorrow, he might be able to manage it.

THE next morning Cholly Ames, much against his better judgment, found himself out at the Westgate Country Club. He'd be in the doghouse for fair if he neglected to make those Bermuda reservations today, or if he were caught out here waiting for Jennifer Rohmer to get through knocking a lot of tiresome balls all over a tiresome court.

Not that there was anything tiresome about Jennifer herself, Cholly grudgingly admitted. To his surprise, he instantly placed her as that neat little number he was always running into. At football games or dancing up at the St. Regis. Of course, she had never been his type, Cholly quickly assured himself. Probably wouldn't have noticed her, except that yellow hair with a sun tan like hers was an unbeatable combination. Just the same, for his money, he'd take them smooth and dark and sophisticated. Like Leila.

The little tennis champion was leaving the court. Cholly noted approvingly that, unlike most women athletes, she was small and amazingly slender. She came swinging along, terrifically cute in white shorts and halter, until she was almost directly in his path.

"May I have a word with you, Miss Rohmer?"

She raised her eyes, and Cholly saw they were smoky-blue and dreamy. "I'm going over to the shower room. Walk along, if you like."

Cholly fell eagerly into step, but he hadn't a notion where to begin.

"I suppose it's about the match to defend my title tomorrow?" Jennifer took pity on him.

"I'm sorry," Cholly apologized, his face reddening. "But I don't happen to be a reporter."

"Heavens, that's nothing to be sorry about!" Jennifer smiled. "Newspapermen give me the jitters—when they all begin talking at once."

Cholly laughed. At that, she was awfully easy to know.

"I can't imagine how I ever mistook you for a reporter," Jennifer was appraising him with obvious satisfaction. "I guess you fooled me because your face is so familiar. Don't I keep running into you?"

"We do seem to like the same places," Cholly grinned. "But I had no idea you were a tennis player."

"Well, that's fame for you!" Jennifer gave a seriocomic sigh. "Just what was it you wanted?"

"Your picture for the Krispy Kracker ad," Cholly gulped nervously.

Jennifer stopped dead in her tracks. "Why—the suggestion is outrageous!" she managed after a stiff little pause.

"What's outrageous about it?" Cholly argued. "There's nothing obscene about a cracker, is there?"

"Just the same," she repeated, "the suggestion is outrageous."

"Don't keep saying that!" Cholly shouted, exasperated. "It's irritating. It doesn't even sound as if you thought it up all by yourself."

Jennifer giggled. "My father told me to say that. He attends to all matters pertaining to my game."

"I shudder to think what you'd do with an idea all your own."

"Tennis was my idea," Jennifer spunkily defended.

Cholly consulted his watch. Nodding curtly, he strode off down the path, little dreaming that a famous tennis star started after him with unwilling admiration.

Still, he hated like the devil going back to Harvey and confessing failure. Queer duck, Harvey. Might turn on the gas or something. Almost did, Cholly recalled, the night he and Leila announced their engagement. No, Cholly decided, he couldn't enjoy a honeymoon knowing Harvey Mackerfield nursed thoughts of self-destruction.

Two very young things, tripping by, were responsible for Cholly's brainstorm.

"That blue roadster over there belongs to Jennifer Rohmer," one of them breathed reverently.

Cautiously Cholly sidled up to the car. Nobody around. What a break! Of course, he wouldn't empty all the gas. Leave enough to take her as far as that isolated detour three miles off the highway.

He gave Jennifer a good head start. Then, coming upon her slumped dejectedly at the wheel of her car, he honked cheerfully.

JENNIFER recognized him and came flying down the road. "Hi! Stop!" On her head was a gay bandanna tied peasant fashion under her chin. "You're a lifesaver." She climbed up on his running board. "How about letting bygones be bygones? I need a spot of gas to take me as far as the next filling station."

"Now, that's what I call a coincidence!" Cholly came right to the point. "I happen to need a certain tennis player's picture and a few words attributing all that she is to Krispy Krackers. Would you call it a deal?"

Jennifer got off the running board. "I didn't think you'd be like that," she pouted.

"Then I've definitely been wasting your time. Well"—his foot moved in the direction of the gas.

"Hey—wait! Don't leave me like this!" She was back on the running board again. "See here, Mr.—"

"Ames. Cholly Ames."

"Please listen. I've promised an interview this afternoon. If I don't show up they'll write about me anyway. Only they'll say—"

Cholly nodded sympathetically. "That your right biceps is overdeveloped and you get relaxation from pinching little children."

"Then you will help me out?"

She was hard to resist. But this



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LESLIE KINGDON



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time Cholly started his engine in a manner that meant business.

"Wait!" Jennifer pulled frantically at his sleeve. "You win! I give up. I'll—" But just as abruptly her offer was withdrawn. Coming toward them, headed in the opposite direction, chugged a big black sedan.

Jennifer planted herself in the middle of the road. The black car drew alongside and the man at the wheel stuck his head out.

One hasty glance told Cholly he didn't like the fellow's looks. That funny foreign mustache was a dead giveaway. The guy thought he was a lady-killer. And old enough to know better, too.

"I'm out of gas," Jennifer was explaining in that all-too-friendly manner of hers. "Have you time to turn around and take me into town?"

"Hop in," the man invited.

Jennifer climbed into the other car. Cholly cursed aloud. He wouldn't trust a maiden aunt with a harelip alone with a man like that. This involved Mrs. Ames' little boy up to his ears. Why, he'd be to blame if anything happened to that kid!

For the first mile or so Cholly kept only the legal distance behind the sedan. But finally he was forced to admit that everything looked in order.

It wasn't until they came to Peter's Point, a scenic spot nicknamed by another generation for its romantic possibilities, that the car in front of Cholly parked.

Cholly discreetly drew up a few feet away. That little Rohmer ninny—scrambling into the first car that came along!

The minute the old rake let his hands stray from the steering wheel, Cholly jumped from his car. With a savage exclamation, he yanked the would-be philanderer from the sedan, planted a short right to the chin, and deposited him, slumbering peacefully, upon the ground.

"You idiot!" Jennifer was shrieking, as she rushed to lift the victim's head into her lap. "You've killed my father! Oooh, do something! Get some water!"

At the mention of water, Mr. Rohmer opened an eye.

"Never mind," Jennifer gasped, relieved. "He's coming to."

"Gosh, I'm sorry—" Cholly felt kind of sick. "But how was I to know? Parking in a deserted place like this."

Jennifer's tears fell thickly as she dusted off her father's face. "We only stopped to see if you were following. I never dreamed— But father hasn't a very forgiving nature. There's no telling what he'll do when he gets up. If you know what's good for you, you'll go."

Cholly went. By the time he

reached home he had called himself every name he could think of. It remained for good old Harvey to supply the few Cholly had overlooked.

"All I asked was a picture," Harvey nagged hoarsely. "You fail me when I need you most."

"I didn't promise to dedicate my life to you," Cholly pointed out cold-bloodedly. "And now I'm going on record as saying I'm all through." And he meant it. He'd treat himself to a cold shower, and then pop over to Leila's. He hadn't seen the light of his life since last night.

Then the phone rang, and it was Jennifer Rohmer.

Cholly swallowed hard. There was no sane reason why her voice should give him a lift. "How—how are you, Jennifer?"

"Me? Oh, I'm all right." Jennifer was laughing. "It was father who got hit. Remember?"

"Say, I'm frightfully sorry about what happened. I don't usually go around assaulting people."

"I'm sure you don't," Jennifer agreed. "And it was sweet of you, really. I can see now you thought you were protecting me. Of course it was a little hard on father, but he's

quite recovered."

"Well, thanks for telling me." There wasn't anything further to say, yet Cholly experienced a sharp disinclination to hang up.

"Still want my picture?" Jennifer was asking. "If you do, I might be persuaded to break the habit of a lifetime."

"Hooray!" It was necessary for Cholly to remind himself that this wild elation was wholly on Harvey's account. "Jennifer, you're swell!"

"You're sort of swell yourself," she said soberly. "Even if father has his own ideas on the subject. Don't let it bother you, though. He's just getting ready to go out."

"O. K., then. I'm as good as on your doorstep," Cholly assured her, as he hung up with a triumphant air.

"Then you got it?" Harvey guessed jubilantly.

"Practically in the bag."

"Good boy!" Harvey's nod was smug. "Didn't I tell you it would be a cinch?"

It wasn't until Cholly was leaving for Jennifer's that Harvey called out sheepishly: "I forgot to tell you, Cholly. Leila's been phoning all morning. She said if you weren't at the cocktail party by four thirty, she'd do something or other. I forget what."

"That settles it!"

"But, Cholly, you've gone this far. You can't let me down now. Besides, it isn't two yet. You have plenty of time."

"You'd better be right—for once," Cholly tossed over his shoulder darkly, as he banged out of the apartment.

When he reached the Rohmers', he



FLORENCE OSTERN FAULKNER

broke into print at the tender age of eight with a poem, which she says, was unique because it made no sense at all. After that she rested on her laurels until she grew up and sold her first short story. She is married to a San Francisco surgeon.

restlessly paced the floor while the maid went to call Jennifer. It mightn't be a bad idea, he thought, to let it casually drop that he was almost a married man. Not that Jennifer wasn't a great little kid, but he felt it was best to put the whole transaction on a strictly business basis.

The door of an upstairs room opened and Cholly glanced up expectantly. Only it wasn't Jennifer. It was Mr. Rohmer himself coming so jauntily down the steps. Cholly stood there, rooted to the rug. And then Mr. Rohmer saw him.

Cholly stepped forward with a smile he hoped would win friends and influence Mr. Rohmer. But Mr. Rohmer lunged. Cholly wouldn't have minded so much if Mr. Rohmer had lunged empty-handed. But he came with a large Florentine vase in his trusty right.

Cholly's skull was good—but not good enough to resist Florentine vases. He heard a sound like the tinkle of temple bells, caught a glimpse of Jennifer's startled face above stairs, and awoke in a white room, with a woman in uniform bending over him. "There! We're just a little stunned."

If she was just a little stunned, she was lucky, Cholly mused enviously. Anyhow, he was stunned enough for the both of them. In fact, he hadn't the slightest inkling as to why he was in a hospital.

THERE'S a visitor outside to see you," the nurse was cooing.

"Yes? Who?" Cholly inquired. At least he wasn't antisocial. At least he was a fellow who made friends.

"It's Jennifer Rohmer." The nurse fussed importantly with his bed. "Everybody in the hospital is trying to get a peek at the little tennis star. She's every bit as lovely as her pictures."

Cholly began to perk up. He wondered how well he knew this girl.

The door opened and in walked a dainty blonde, carrying a young florist shop in her arms. She did no more than just stand there and gaze at him with dreamy blue eyes. But in that moment something happened to Cholly. It couldn't be classified as love at first sight, he concluded. That miracle must have happened to him on some previous meeting.

She dropped the flowers on the dresser and came over to the bed. Impulsively she squeezed his hand. Cholly liked that. Frankly, he was crazy about it.

"I hardly know what to say." Her blue eyes filled and she averted her head. "You see, Mr. Ames—"

He scowled. "Mr. Ames?"

"Cholly!" The girl looked down at him and smiled through her tears. "I've wanted to call you that ever since we met. Didn't you guess?"

So his name was Cholly! Somebody had certainly made a fool of him at his christening.

"I've brought you my picture, Cholly." She held it up shyly. "Like it?"



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He examined the photograph with trembling fingers. "You're the most beautiful girl in the world," he said simply.

Jennifer blushed. "Shouldn't I write something on it?" she suggested, sitting down beside him on the bed.

Cholly put one arm around her. Quaint little puss! Not that he was one to object to a little honest sentiment. "Write: 'To Cholly—with all my love.'"

Jennifer did as he requested.

"Jennifer!" Cholly tightened his hold on her. "Let's get married. As soon as I'm out of here."

She nodded, her blue eyes shining. "Any time after my game tomorrow," she promised. "In the meantime, I'll phone your place and let them know where you are."

She leaned over and kissed him good-by. Cholly realized then how pointless it would have been to wait.

Early next morning they sent in an unshaven creature with a disreputable piece of flannel tied around his throat. Cholly eyed him with ill-concealed distaste.

"Cholly!" the tramp cried in a husky voice. "Did you get the picture?"

Cholly's expression was aloof.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Cholly said coldly. "But if you're interested in pictures, I'll show you something you can't top."

The visitor brightened considerably when Cholly brought forth Jennifer's picture.

"To Cholly—with all my love." Say, what kind of a cockeyed endorsement is that? His friend's voice rose and cracked. "Or maybe you think people will eat Krispy Krackers because Jennifer Rohmer loves you?" He snapped his fingers against the tender words. "What good does this do me?"

Cholly shrugged impatiently. For an instant he had been on the verge of recollecting something.

"It's not supposed to do you any good," he retorted belligerently. "I'm the one who's marrying Jennifer Rohmer. Anything wrong with that?"

"Nothing." His friend indulged in a low moan. "That is, if you're planning a wedding for three. Or isn't this the day you're to marry Leila Berry?"

Cholly made a strangling noise in his throat. Now he remembered everything!

He had started out to do Harvey Mackerfield a little favor and had ended up behind the eight ball. Cholly jumped from bed with a howl of rage.

"My clothes! Quick!" He pointed a shaking finger at the closet. "I've got to get out of here." As he dressed he pelted Harvey with questions. When had he seen Leila last? Did she know what had happened to Cholly? Why hadn't she been over to see him?

"There, now. Take it easy," Harvey pleaded evasively. "Everything is going to be all right. Only—what about the Rohmer girl?"

Cholly shook his head. As if by doing so he might shake himself free of a devastating memory. It no longer mattered how he felt about Jennifer. Leila had first licks at him. And he wasn't the sort to stand up a girl when the date had been for their wedding.

Cholly grabbed the phone and called Leila's apartment. "I'll tell her I'm on my way home to dress," he whispered to Harvey. "That will give me time to straighten things out with Jennifer."

Leila's number, however, failed to answer.

"She's probably doing some last-minute shopping," Harvey remarked soothingly. "And you know that maid of hers. Half the time she's too lazy to take down the receiver. Just run along, old man. I'll dig up Leila. You have nothing to worry about."

Jennifer was leaving for Westgate when Cholly's taxi pulled up at her door. The sidewalk, he thought wretchedly, was hardly the ideal spot to break an engagement.

"Cholly! What are you doing here? You ought to be in bed."

"Jennifer—listen—"

Toward the end of his clumsy recital, her smile became stiff and sort of painful to watch.

"Yes, of course. I understand," she kept nodding almost too vigorously. "You don't have to say any more."

But he couldn't leave while the hurt was so fresh in Jennifer's eyes. "We might arrange a wedding for three—" He tried to make her laugh with Harvey's silly words.

"Cholly, please!" Biting her lower lip hard, Jennifer pushed past him to her waiting car.

Feeling pretty low, Cholly went home to dress for his wedding. He found his apartment looking as if the Federal Bureau of Investigation had passed through it in a body. Nothing had been spared. His suits were tossed like scatter rugs about the floor.

Automatically Cholly retrieved them, subconsciously noting that the new gray one he had bought to be married in was missing.

And then Cholly saw the note propped against the telephone.

Dear Cholly: Never mind the Rohmer girl's picture. Let my boss get Mussolini's instead. Incidentally, Leila is marrying me this afternoon.

I just remembered that was what she was going to do if you didn't show up at her cocktail party. My laryngitis is much better.

Your friend,

HARVEY MACKERFIELD.

P.S. I borrowed that old gray suit in your closet.

Cholly crumpled the letter. Of course it was a gag. Not in very good taste. But typical of Harvey.

Cholly dialed Leila's number.

"No, suh, Mr. Ames," Leila's colored girl informed

WATCH FOR Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team

BY NORMAN L. SPER

WHO are the outstanding football players of the 1938 season?

Will Texas Christian's great 248-pound tackle, I. B. Hale, and Villanova's perfect end, John Wysocki, the only two members of the 1937 Liberty All-Players All-America football team eligible for 1938 honors, repeat this year?

Will the 1938 football greats come from the lesser known schools, or will the country's foremost players come only from the nationally important football institutions? What players will be named on the All-Players second and third squads?

As in previous years, Liberty's football authority, Norman Sper, the nation's outstanding football reporter, is now supervising the compilation of the All-Players All-America returns. The players from more than 110 major football schools, about 2,250 in all, are the judges who will answer these questions. It is these player-judges who are selecting the players entitled to All-America recognition.

In every major football game played this year these player-judges weighed their opponents' abilities. They selected the outstanding player in each position and rated him for his values in the fundamentals required for that position. Each player, to make any of the All-Players All-America teams, has to show consistency in play each week.

To be named on Liberty's All-Players All-America Team for 1938 is the highest football honor a player can receive. For who else other than the players themselves know the full values of their opponents? They get their knowledge by actual contact, not by warming a seat in the press box, grandstand, or bench.

The All-Players All-America method of selecting the outstanding eleven players is an impersonal and mathematical one. The filled-in ratings from the 2,250 football players themselves, judging only the players they have played against, will be the only factor that will decide who has "made" Liberty's All-Players All-America Team for 1938. If you want to know the real All-America Team of the 1938 season—

READ LIBERTY!

him, "Miss Leila, she done got married and left 'bout ten minutes ago."

"But she was marrying me," Cholly mumbled stupidly.

"No, suh! She done tuk Mr. Mackerfield, after all. Right smack here in her own living room. I guess Miss Leila makes mistakes, same as everybody else."

Cholly didn't even bother to hang up. He just left the receiver dangling and sauntered out. He felt dazed. Like the time Mr. Rohmer hit him. Only worse. So it had been Harvey with Leila, all along! Cholly gave a mirthless laugh. She might have let him in on it sooner. Before he messed up his whole life.

Cholly kept right on walking. Never would he go to Jennifer now. She'd just think he was the sort who blew hot and cold. Besides, what girl likes to feel she is second choice? No, nothing could induce him to ask Jennifer Rohmer to marry him.

Feeling so strongly on this point, Cholly couldn't imagine how he finally landed up at Westgate. It was late afternoon and the gallery was deserted, except for Mr. Rohmer, who sat alone, staring down at the empty courts with a jaundiced eye.

"Go 'way," he muttered pettishly when he saw Cholly. "Nothing pleasant ever happens when you're around."

As Cholly turned to leave, he spied Jennifer coming from the shower room toward her father. Cholly walked fast to head her off.

"Well, look who's here!" She paled a little under her tan, but her air was elaborately nonchalant. "I'm afraid you're a little late for the game."

"How did it come out?" Cholly asked, because he wanted to stick to some nice safe topic.

"I lost." Jennifer's voice shook a little, but she steadied it instantly. "I guess it wasn't my lucky day."

"It was mine, Jennifer," Cholly found himself blurting out before he quite realized what he was doing. "Leila married Harvey Mackerfield this afternoon. Isn't that a stroke of luck? Or doesn't it mean anything to you?"

Something very encouraging leaped into Jennifer's eyes. "It might—if there aren't a few other fiancées tucked away whom you may have forgotten at the moment."

That was all the excuse Cholly needed to reach out and grab her. She didn't seem to mind. At least there wasn't any sign of a struggle.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★★★ A PURITAN IN BABYLON
by William Allen White. The Macmillan Company.

The story of Calvin Coolidge, courageous, earnest, and honest, but often baffled and futile. This book, by the famous editor of the Emporia Gazette, throws new light upon the inside of the White House during the years Coolidge held office.

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ROCKABY BRADY

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ROCKABY BRADY, a prizefighter with a bad lung, hiking toward the Mexican border with his trainer, Mushroom Mike O'Leary, knocks out two gunmen—thereby saddling himself and Mush with a girl of eleven or twelve whom they find, bound and gagged, in the thugs' car. She says she is Virginia Sutton, daughter of one of the gunmen, but when the three reach Santa Martina, Virginia still clutching the doll which she refused to leave behind, a policeman picks them up on the suspicion that she may be Hilda Clavering, a kidnaped movie star. She denies this and amazes Rocky by clinging to him and calling him daddy! Afraid of being questioned about the gunmen he left unconscious on the desert, he lets her story stand.

Philip St. Albans, a ventriloquist whom they meet at the police station, takes them to his boardinghouse, and Rocky promptly falls in love with Judith Ware, the girl who owns it—in spite of the fact that she berates him roundly for his neglect of his little "daughter."

Living with Judith is Pixie Taylor, a bleached blonde with whom St. Albans is in love. Rocky notices her looking keenly at the brat and, from something St. Albans says, he suspects that she may know one of the gunmen, and that her job as cigarette girl at the Mariposa Café, over the border, may in some way be connected with the mystery surrounding the child. When Pixie announces that the manager of the café needs a bouncer, Rocky decides to apply for the job. That night he goes to see Fallow, the manager, a shifty-eyed, oily individual who seems to know all about him, and Fallow offers him a thousand dollars to fight a Mexican, Gonzalez. Rocky scents danger, but he needs the money, so he promises to think over the proposition.

PART THREE—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

JUDITH was reading the morning paper when I come downstairs. It was early. I don't know what time. I didn't have my ticker. But everybody else upstairs was snoring.

The sun was up, turning the mountain red and rose and green and yellow; and there was a million birds saying good morning to each other in the trees. And I smelled coffee.

She was looking through the ads. She put down the paper when she heard me coming, and got up, and nodded to me, but didn't say nothing. She was all dressed and ready to go out.

"I couldn't sleep," I said.

"The bed too hard?" she asked me.

"I was thinking," I said.

She didn't make no wisecracks about that, like some dames I know.

"Bacon or ham?" she said. "Or ham and eggs? Toast? Rolls? Anything you want."

"I wasn't thinking of breakfast," I said.

"You were thinking of Virginia," she guessed.

"Maybe," I said.

"I don't know what you've done to her," she said, beginning to flare up again, "but she's been through some terrible ordeal. You come from Rosario, you say? You didn't make her walk all the way?"

"No," I said. "Only a little way. Mush carried her a piece, and I carried her a piece."

I couldn't lie to her. But I couldn't come clean with her either.

"How old is she?" Judith said.

"I don't know," I said. "Eleven, twelve, maybe. Maybe thirteen. I wouldn't know."

She give me a funny look and went into the kitchen. I followed and sat in a yellow chair, watching her cook the ham and eggs and make fresh coffee. She was like a queen, even cooking. And for the first time I noticed her hair. Chestnut, with little streaks of red in it. Funny, ain't it, I never really seen her hair until then?



"Keep your shirt on," Mike said, buttoning the shirt all wrong. "Think of the romance of it."

And you know something? Maybe I'm a boob to say it. But I don't think I ever had a nicer time than them few minutes, watching her getting breakfast. The ham and eggs sputtering cheerful in the pan. And the coffee bubbling and bubbling like it enjoyed itself. And all them birds singing outside. And the door open and the smell of flowers and trees and dust coming in.

"As soon as she's had her breakfast," Judith said, "we're going shopping."

I almost scalded myself with the coffee. The cup sort of wobbled in my hand.

"Ix-nay," I said. "No! Don't take her out."

"Why not?" she wanted to know. "She's got to be fitted for some of her things."

How could I tell her that the redhead was in town, probably waiting a chance to snatch the brat again? How could I tell her I suspected Pixie was sweet on him and probably had already tipped him off where the kid was? If he was the brat's old man, gunman or no gunman, he had a right to snatch her. But he wasn't going to do it while I was around.

"Keep her in the house," I said.

Danger! New hazards cloud
the sky in a bizarre tale of
hearts and lives strangely
caught in a web of intrigue

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FISK



She took it like she took Pixie's job the night before. She didn't like it and said so. But she didn't say no more. She wasn't insisting on having her own way. Pixie had a right to do what she liked. So did I.

"You're her father," was all she said to me. But there was a surge of color to her cheeks.

"Don't get mad at me," I said. And before I could stop myself I was spilling the works.

"Look, Judith," I said. "I'm slug-nutty about you. Punch-drunk. Walking on my heels. The minute I seen you the referee could have counted me out. I wasn't kidding last night. I meant it. But leave the brat here today. And tomorrow too."

The color drained out of her cheeks, and she sat there a minute, just shaking her head at me.

"You are a queer man, Mr. Brady," she said. "I don't know what to make of you. Are you as bad as they say you are?"

Before I could think of a comeback to that she went out and got the paper and folded it to a story on the sports page and shoved it into my mitts.

"Rockaby Brady, the middleweight, who left Rosario last week two jumps ahead of the police, after he brutally assaulted his sweetheart, Donna Sully, it is alleged, has been signed to meet the hard-hitting Eugenio Gonzalez next Saturday night in the Santa Martina Casino."

"I didn't sign for no fight with Gonzalez," I said.

"That isn't what I meant," she said.

"And I didn't beat up Donna Sully," I said. "I never laid a finger on her."

"She was your sweetheart?"

"Yes. But no more."

"You change quickly, Mr. Brady," she said, getting up and turning her back to me. The way she said it hurt like anything.

DON'T be like that," I said, getting up myself. "If I'd ever got a good look at you before, I never would have noticed Donna Sully."

My knees was knocking together, I was so scared she'd walk out on me.

"You don't know what you done to me," I said.

Maybe I should have told her what Donna done to me. But I never pan no dames. It ain't in me. Especially dames I used to like.

"No, I don't," Judith said, but she turned around, and in a minute she sat down again.

Some dames would have said, "What have I done to you, Rocky?" and they'd have give me that sugar look, that come-on, innocent, greedy, pretty-baby eye. Not Judith. Just "No, I don't," and let it go at that.

"I saw some nice things in the paper for Virginia," she said. Her voice was a little friendlier than it had been. "And cheap too. I won't need all that money."

"What you don't spend," I said, "keep for the rent. It's all I got, until I get a job."

"But I thought you were going to fight Gonzalez."

I shook my head.

"That's out," I said. "I'm through. Washed up."

"Nonsense," she said. "You're not ill?"

She looked me over again, at that, like a doctor might. I laughed it off.

"Then you're not through yet," she said. She studied me some more. "You're not as well as you might be," she decided. "Maybe it's that long walk from Rosario. Why don't you rest today? And you're right about keeping Virginia in. She must be even more tired than you are. Of course she isn't up to a shopping trip."

Why didn't I think of that excuse myself?

"Sure," I said. "That's it. She's too tired."

I no sooner got that one off my tongue than down the stairs comes the brat, singing at the top of her lungs.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy!" she cries, rushing into the kitchen. "I'm hungry as a wolf. Hello, Miss Ware. Daddy, I'm going shopping today."

"You're going to stay right here."

"I'm not. I'm going shopping."

"No," Judith said. She said it gentle enough, but she wasn't fooling. "Your father has decided you're too tired. Does she drink coffee, Mr. Brady?"

"No," I said, thinking fast. "Milk."

"Coffee," says the brat. "Daddy knows I always have coffee in the morning. He's just being mean. I hate him."

"In this house," Judith said, "you'll drink milk, Virginia."

She's not angry or anything, but what she says goes as it lays, and you know it. Virginia gets milk and likes it. And after breakfast I take her up to her room.

"Listen, brat," I said. "That redheaded daddy of yours is still around. You want him to snatch you again?"

"Is that why I can't go shopping?"

"That's why."

"Then why didn't you say so downstairs? You didn't want her to know. You think she'd be scared. Not her. You falling for her?"

"Shut up," I said. "What business is it of yours?"

"Daddy is in love," she sang. "Daddy is in love!"

"Shut up," I said. "You want to wake everybody?"

"It's better than letting them snore," she said. "Daddy is in lo-ove!"

In the middle of it she threw herself on the bed.

"I'm glad I'm not going shopping," she said. "I hate shopping. And I really am much too tired. But what'll I do?"

"Play with your doll," I said. "Listen to the radio. Read. What do other brats do?"

"Stay here and play with me," she begged.

"Nope," I said. "I'm all in. I'm going back to bed."

"Go on, then," she said. "What do I care?"

Mush is awake when I go into our room. St. Albans is dead to the world.

"I had a dream, Rocky," Mush says. "You was going to fight again. I liked to died, Rocky. You ain't going to fight Gonzalez, Rocky?"

"That wasn't no dream," I said. "That was the onion you et. How can I fight anybody?"

"Sure, Rocky," Mush said. "How can you? That's a good boy, Rocky. I'll fight him."

"Better go down and eat," I said. "Ham and eggs."

"St. Michael, St. Patrick, and old John L.!" he says. "Ham and eggs."

"Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul," I says. "And the best coffee you ever tasted."

THE next thing I know it's dark, and the brat is calling me from her room. "Dad-dy! Dad-dy!" I wanted to murder her.

I got dressed and went in to see her. She was sitting in a rocker near the window, dressed in the new clothes Judith had bought her. A blue dress with white dots in it. Or maybe a white dress with blue dots. A blue ribbon in her hair. Shiny new shoes. Gee, I hardly knew her.

"I'm lonesome," she said. She come over and put her hand in mine and led me over to the window. "I'm lonesome as can be," she said. "Sit down and hold me on your lap, daddy. Just for a little while. Please."

"No," I said. "I don't hold no brats on my lap."

She went and closed the door, soft. She come over and sat on my lap and put one arm around my shoulder.

"Look, daddy," she said. "A young moon."

It was just a splinter of a moon.

"A very, very young moon," she said. "All alone in the black sky, daddy. Like me. All alone in the world, and everybody hates me. Even you." She bust out crying, but I can see her eyes is shining through her tears. "I want to go home," she says. I can feel her sort of quivering.

"I'm broke," I says. "Where is your home?"

"Seattle," she says. "I got a real daddy. But I got a stepmother too. She hates me. She works me to death. She takes every nickel I make."

"Work?" I says. "A kid like you?"

"In a ten-cent store," she says. "Wrapping bundles all day. That's hard work for a girl like me."

"Who's the kidnaper?" I says.

"I wasn't kidnaped," she says. "Not really. My daddy just took me away from my stepmother. But let's not talk about that. Let's talk about the poor little lonesome moon. Do you think she's in love with the sun? Wouldn't it be dreadful if she were? He's so far away. And he

hates her. He thinks she's just a brat. And she is a brat."

I wasn't feeling at all comfortable. And, like when I made her pray the night before, I was scared somebody'd bust in on us any minute.

"I don't know," I says, looking for an opening and covering up all the time. "Maybe she ain't a brat."

"She is," she says. "You know why? Because everybody always called her a brat. So she was a brat. For spite. Like me. I never even thanked you for saving me. I insulted you. I kicked your shins. I scratched you. I lied about you to Judith Ware. I'm sorry, Rockaby."

"That's all right, kid," I said.

"Don't call me that. Call me brat," she says, hugging me a little. "I like that, the way you say it. Tough like. And rock me to sleep."

I been rocking her, like an old lady with her knitting setting out on a hotel porch. I been rocking her and don't know it until she pulls that on me.

I started rocking again, and she began singing:

"Rockaby, baby, on the treetop.
When the wind blows, the cradle
will rock."

You know it? A dame in St. Louis sung it to me once. I thought she'd just made it up about me, and I was sore. But I guess millions of mamas have sung their brats to sleep with that tune.

And, I think, maybe some day I'll have a brat of my own. Me and Judith. Before I know what I'm doing, I'm singing with her:

"When the bough breaks, the cradle
will fall.
And down will come Rockaby,
cradle, and all."

She put her lips to my cheek, and I got a thrill. And I don't care now about Rockaby falling, or nothing.

"I don't want to go home ever," she whispered. "I want to stay with you forever and ever and ever."

There was a tap on the door, and who comes in but Pixie. Not even waiting to be asked.

"How domestic!" she says.

The brat got up and turned on the light. And the way she looked at Pixie kind of floored her.

"I thought you were all alone, Virginia," she says, "playing with your doll. I hear it's a nice little doll. May I see it?"

"No," the brat said.

A right dame would have been offended, but Pixie's only embarrassed. "Just a tiny little look?" she says. The brat shakes her head, stubborn as a tattooed lady on a sailor's chest. And Pixie swallows eight times before she says, "So sorry," and takes it on the lam.

"Brat," I says, "that's no way to treat a lady."

"Lady?" the brat says. "She's a dyed cat. A phony. She's up to something. She heard you singing. It was you she snuck in to see. Not me."

"It was" (Continued on page 34)

Old friends are true friends



IN 1884 . . . "This picture is out of the family album, which is fittin' in connection with Union Leader. Because it was my old Dad who told me, when Union Leader was introduced at the turn of the century, 'Son, come what may, you'll never find a finer tobacco than Union Leader all your life through.'"



TODAY . . . "This snapshot proves how true my Dad spoke. For here I am, 84 now, and puffing on the old pipe filled with Union Leader. Yes, sir! Dad was right! The mellowness and mildness of Union Leader make it a life-time pal for any man. Union Leader is like an old friend—the longer it's with you the better you like it."—Thomas H. Taylor, Lake Luzerne, N. Y.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

THIS YEAR A



HURRICANE

Last year, sleet in the Middle West—floods in the Ohio Valley. Year before last, floods in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland. This year, a hurricane in New England, New York, New Jersey. Half a million telephones out of service. Three hundred communities isolated.

RESTORING service was a staggering job. But the local telephone people were trained, ready. They snapped into action instantly—even before the hurricane was over. And they were not alone. The entire Bell System was behind them. Additional men and materials swept in from Bell telephone companies in twenty-two other states.

No Man Lacked Materials

Whether they came from Pennsylvania, Iowa, Virginia, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska or Michigan, they all used the same methods, the same tools—and the same Western Electric equipment that is standard throughout the Bell System.

Because of this nation-wide standardization in Bell companies and Western Electric's ample supplies in key cities—because of the spirit of service that is common to Bell employees everywhere—telephone service in the hurricane district has been rebuilt with amazing speed.

An Army of Telephone Workers

More than 10,000 trained men and 3000 fully equipped telephone trucks saw duty in the area. Hundreds of regular telephone operators, aided by many former operators who volunteered, rendered valiant service.

The patience and understanding of the public and the loyalty of telephone employees during this trying period were beyond words.

Once again a unified, nation-wide telephone system, under experienced management, proves its value in an emergency. And day by day, this country gets the best telephone service in the world at the lowest possible cost.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



(Continued from page 31) "the doll," I says. And for no reason at all the brat's frightened.

"Yes, yes," she says, "it was the doll."

She climbs back on to my lap, and she's quivering.

"Keep your left up, brat," I said. "Keep jabbing with it. They can't hurt us."

"I'm scared," she whispered. "Let's get out of here."

"That redhead won't bother you," I said. "Not while I'm around."

"She knows him," the brat said. "He was the man she talked about last night. Him and his lovely red hair. I'll bet he was. Please let's get out of here!"

"I'm broke," I said.

Just about this time Judith knocked, and I sung out. She walked in and smiled.

"Now, that's more like it," she said. "And you both look rested. Do you like the dress, Mr. Brady?"

"A hundred per cent," I said.

"Pixie's gone to work. Mr. St. Albans went with her. Mr. O'Leary's sound asleep on the downstairs lounge. Would you two like some dinner now—or would you rather go back to sleep?"

"Eat!" cried the brat, jumping up.

We went down and woke up Mush. He came up sparring. "Holy St. Patrick," he shouted, "I can lick the guy that said that!" Then he got hep to himself and grinned. "Sure, Rocky," he said. "I'm wide awake. I wasn't asleep. Just bechuxt and bechune. But I can lick Gonzalez the best day he ever seen."

"Huh!" said the brat. "Daddy licked him in one round."

"But that was before—" Mush started to say.

"Shut up," I warned him.

WE punched the bag about a lot of things at dinner. And after dinner Judith handed me twenty dollars.

"I got everything she needed. Your rent is paid. And you don't have to worry about anything until the fight."

"What fight?" Mush says.

"Quit," I says. I got up. "I'm going for a walk," I says. "I always take a walk after dinner. Me and Mush. Just around the block."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "We always walk after dinner. Just around the block."

We don't say anything for awhile, just plug along. Then he comes out with it. "You ain't going to fight this guy, Rocky? He'll kill you."

"There's a grand in it," I says.

"There's death in it," he says. "And you that sick you can't carry a little chit of a girl twenty feet without stumbling. You didn't come here for no fight, Rocky."

"I know," I says. "But I still ain't lost my punch. You seen me clip them guys."

"Sure, Rocky," he says. "You ain't lost your punch. You ain't lost nothing but a lung, Rocky. You can't fight Gonzalez with only one lung."

"I could murder him with one hand," I said.

He looked across at the t. b. joint.

"It's there you ought to be, Rocky," he says. "Working out with the doctors and the pretty little nurses. And me, I ought to be there, working about the grounds or something. St. Michael the archangel! Did we come here to cure you, or to get you murdered? And with your last hundred bucks. And it gone! Arrah, Rocky, I'll pray to all the saints for you this night. I will that."

"I'll take him in one round," I said.

"Sure, Rocky," he says. "In one round. Gonzalez will murder you."

"But we got to eat," I says. "We got to fight him."

"Sure, Rocky," he says. "You're right, Rocky. You got to take care of the little lassie. I see that, Rocky. We got to eat. We got to fight him. God be good to us."

We headed over to the Mariposa. Fallow was there, in front of the joint.

"I'll fight your boy," I says.

"Good," he says, and slips the fish in my duke again. "Very good, Lullaby. Sadday night. One grand. After the fight."

"Ix-nay," I said. "Half of it now."

"A hundred now," he says. He reaches into his pocket and counts out five twenties. "Take it or leave it."

"Two hundred," I says. But I know I ain't got a chance. I take the hundred.

"You're right, Rocky," Mush says, as we cross back into the U. S. "That wasn't no onion. That was a rat."

"We just went for a walk," I says, as we're going back into the house, "and you don't know nothing."

"Sure, Rocky. I'll say nothing to either one of them. And you liking them both so much it makes your eyes glitter like frost. Arrah, it's them will weep for you when Gonzalez butchers you, Rocky."

"Shut up," I said, and we went in.

St. Albans was there, up in the brat's room. Judith was there too, watching St. Albans work out with his dummy. And the brat was eating it up.

"That's the most wonderful doll I ever saw," the brat said. "Isn't it, daddy? It's almost human! Could I keep it in my room? Just for tonight?"

"I couldn't," St. Albans says. "I'd like to, but I couldn't. My dummy isn't human, but he's nearly so—to me. We've been through a lot together. You've no idea how attached to him I am. No, I really couldn't leave him out of my sight."

"Please!" the brat begged. "Just for one night. Think how good it will be to see him in the morning. Won't that make up for missing him one night?"

The ventriloquist considered that. Seriously, I mean.

"I'll have to ask him," he said finally.

Gee, I thought, the guy's cuckoo about that darn thing.

"Oh, please ask him, then," the brat said. "I know you love him. I wouldn't think of separating you, if you both felt too bad about it. But if it's all right with him—"

Kidding him? Not on your life. Playing up to him. That's what she was doing. Softening him up for the knockout. Smart? That kid would have made a grand little boxer, if she wasn't a girl.

"How about it, pal?" the ventriloquist said. The dummy's perched on his arm, looking up, laughing.

"Am I sitting pretty!" it says. "Am I hot stuff! A girl like that asks me to while away her loneliness. And you hesitate? Who could say no? Boy, I can see you any time. But how often do I get a break like this?"

THE brat run over and took the thing in her arms and kissed it and hugged it.

"You darling!" she said. "Now say good night to your daddy."

"Good night, Old Jealousy," the dummy said.

"Good night, pal," St. Albans said, and he fairly run out of the room.

"Good night, daddy," the brat says to me, and holds up her lips for a kiss. Right in front of Judith and Mush! The dirty little brat got a kick out of seeing me squirm. And she got her way. She always did, I guess.

"Good night, Judith," I said, out in the hallway.

"Good night, Mr. Brady. Good night, Mr. O'Leary," she said. "Sleep as long as you wish. Breakfast will be ready any time you want it."

I watched her going down the stairs, the way she walked, the way the light played on her hair.

St. Albans was pacing the floor when we went in.

"You think he'll be all right?" he says.

"The dummy?" I says. "Sure. The brat won't eat him."

"He's never been away from me before," he says, "except the last time I was in jail. Oh, dear. I wish I hadn't let him go. But she coaxed me so. And then—he wanted to go. You heard him, didn't you?"

"Sure," I said. "He ain't no dummy."

"That really wasn't I saying those things. How can one explain it? It was he, speaking through me. Though he uses my voice, he really expresses his own nature, his own desires. He is a distinct personality. A much stronger personality than I am. No wonder Pixie loves him so. She really does, you know. She slapped him, that first night, and kissed me. But she wanted to kiss him too. I swear it."

"Arrah," Mush says, "'tis the happy man you'll be, with the two of them. She'll be more than a stepmother to that heap of boards, loving him that way. But I'd keep an eye on her, I would, and on him too."

St. Albans hadn't made a move to undress himself. He sat on the edge of his bed, holding a finger to each temple, and stared at his cold cream.

"I'm helpless without him," he said. Then he had another thought. "Pixie!" he said. "If she knew, she'd scratch my eyes out. She's jealous of him. Terribly. If she knew I had let Virginia take him—"

"Arrah," Mush said, "are you a man or a muffin? Do you have to tell Pixie? Don't be worrying about him now, like an old woman. Think how he'll look tomorrow with a new glitter in them shoe-button eyes from being with the lassie."

St. Albans brightened at that and begun the long ceremony of getting ready for the hay.

Sometime during the night I woke up, hearing the brat scream. I hit the floor running. When I got to her door, St. Albans was at my elbow, trying to shove me out of the way.

"Pixie!" the brat said. "She's stolen the doll. The dummy. I saw her. I saw her plain."

St. Albans turned white and staggered back.

"The traitor!" he shouted. "She can't do this to me!"

Judith came running up the stairs, her dear face painted with sleep.

"They've gone!" St. Albans cried. "Call the police!"

The guy was like an actor, one of them toy soldiers in long stockings and doodads and frills. You could almost see him buckling on a sword and hollering for a horse.

"Ah, I knew it!" he shouted. "I knew it. The soulless jade. And the despicable false friend that I loved as my very self! Nay, better than myself! Was ever such betrayal in the history of the world?"

He stalked into his room, raving and ranting, and tried to put on his clothes. Me and Mush had to help him.

"Keep your shirt on, man," Mike said, buttoning the shirt all wrong. "Think of the romance of it. The dummy and the blonde. Love will have its way."

"My heart's blood screams in anguish."

"Sure if it can scream with all these clothes weighing it down, you can well be proud of it. 'Tis good blood."

"Hurry!" St. Albans said. His face twitched. His hands twitched. His knees jerked. His eyes jerked. "I'll find them. I must find them."

I was laughing so much, and he was squirming so much, I couldn't even tuck his shirt in his pants. He didn't wait for a coat. He rushed out, hanging on to his suspender straps, the tail of his shirt sticking out and flapping like a banner.

"Ah, the hero," Mush said. "The poor daffy suffering hero, and the wind playing in his shirt tail. Sure, it's air-cooled he'll be; and that'll give him speed. God love him, Rocky, you shouldn't laugh."

I was weak with laughter until I went back to the brat. Judith was with her.

"I knew she wanted to steal my doll," the brat said. "That's why I deviled the poor man into lending me his dummy. I dressed the dummy in the doll's clothes and left it there on the table, where she'd find it."

I quit laughing right away.

"But why should Pixie want a doll?" Judith said.

"Ix-nay," I said to the brat. "No cracking."

I pulled the rocker up to the bed and sat down on it.

"The brat's just had a nightmare," I said, tipping the brat with a wink. "Wasn't that it, brat?"

"I guess it was," the brat said.

"Poor Mr. St. Albans," Judith said, trying not to laugh.

I sat by the brat's bed until she went to sleep. And I don't mind saying I was as scared as she was.

Mush tiptoed in after awhile, a potato in one hand, an onion in the other.

"The sweet little devil," he whispered. "She'll have us all murdered in our beds, God bless her."

And he tiptoed out again.

Why did Pixie want the doll? What strange business is afoot at the Mariposa Café? Events move swiftly in next week's chapter, as the search for the blonde and the dummy continues and Rocky meets a false friend out of his past.



IT'S *Fun* TO GO SHOPPING!

BUT IT TAKES LOTS OF ENERGY

It's thrilling to shop—buying gifts to bring happiness to others. But it's also tiring, as all shoppers know. So take this tip—when your energy begins to lag, enjoy a Baby Ruth, the big delicious candy bar so rich in DEXTROSE, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is pure, fine candy and provides real food energy quickly. For Christmas—delight the youngsters with Baby Ruth—it's Santa's favorite for filling stockings.

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WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN
REMEMBER—BABY RUTH
IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY
USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

THAT'S MY STORY



READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Before he was in his teens, Douglas Corrigan was helping his mother, who had been deserted by his father, to support his younger brother and sister, Harry and Evelyn. In San Antonio, Texas, where the family had moved from Galveston, his birthplace, when he was six, he sold newspapers. Later, in Los Angeles, he worked in a bottling plant, going to school only the half day a week required by law.

On the death of Mrs. Corrigan in 1922, when Douglas was fifteen, Evelyn went to live with an aunt, and Doug and Harry were left completely on their own. While his brother went to school, Douglas worked, but all his leisure was spent at a flying field and all the money he could save went for flying lessons. At twenty, he got a job in San Diego with the company which later built Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis. He worked on the construction of the plane and met Lindbergh, who still remains his hero and his inspiration.

He received his pilot's license in 1929 and, after a job in Palm Springs and another in Los Angeles, he went to New York and became a mechanic for Air Services, Inc., at Roosevelt Field. Being on the ground soon irked him, so he quit his job and hired out to take passengers up in small planes at New York and New Jersey beaches.

His next move was southward. He spent a summer barnstorming with Steve Reich around Norfolk and other parts of the South. In the fall he and Reich returned to New York and set up at Fitzmaurice Field, in Massapequa, Long Island. They weren't barnstormers now. They were airport operators.

PART SEVEN—A CHALLENGE TO FATE!

It was in September, 1931, that Steve Reich and I took over the operation of Fitzmaurice Field on Long Island, using the J-5 Stearman biplane and Curtiss Robin monoplane. We had just a few students and the passenger business wasn't so good, either.

Near the end of November it was getting cold, and as a friend of mine named Bert Knight was going down to Norfolk in his car, I decided to go with him.

In Norfolk the next few months I flew an OX5 Waco for Floyd Hall and also a Fairchild 22 for F. W. Parker. I also worked on an old Curtiss Model H Liberty-motored flying boat, getting it ready to go to South America.

In the same warehouse there was a Hiss Eaglerock that had been left there a few years before, after it had been cracked up. It needed quite a bit of repair work, so I was able to buy it for \$240. My brother Harry had just finished a course in aeronautical engineering at the University of California in Berkeley, so he drove to Norfolk and helped me rebuild the plane.

We kept the plane at the Granby Street airport, and for the next eight months made a living with it, barnstorming various places in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina on week-ends. Harry sold tickets and I flew the passengers and worked on the plane.

BY DOUGLAS *"WRONG-WAY"* CORRIGAN

One Sunday in June, 1933, we went down to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, where the Wright brothers made their first airplane flight. On the return trip we took off after sunset and ran into a rainstorm just east of Norfolk. It was a big storm with lightning flashing all around and we could even hear the roar of thunder over the motor noise. By flying low I could see the lights of the city about ten miles ahead, so decided to go on in. We flew for nine miles in the heavy rain, just under the clouds and only 400 feet above the ground. When almost to the field, the motor shot out a big flash of yellow flame and stopped running.

The field was too far ahead to glide into. I headed for a spot off to the left where the trees were fewest and kept the plane at its slowest speed. When about fifty feet above the ground I put the plane in a sideslip so the left wing tip would hit first.

The left wing hit a tree when the plane was fifteen feet in the air, and that spun the ship around, causing the motor and right wing to knock down more trees, and the plane finally hit the ground, going backwards. Immediately after the ship came to rest a big burst of what looked like smoke rose up in the front of the plane, and I thought it was on fire, so I yelled to Harry and a fellow named Corbus who was in front with him, "Are you guys all right?" I was sure glad when I heard them both answer yes. We jumped out of the plane and found it was steam from the broken radiator I had seen, instead of smoke.

We walked over to the highway. As we broke through the bushes at the edge of the road we saw directly opposite in electric lights, HOLLYWOOD INN. "What's this?" said Harry. "Doug takes off for Norfolk, and cracks up in Hollywood." Then we saw that it was just a sign on a roadhouse.

When I saw the plane the next day I realized we had been lucky to get out alive. The plane had knocked down several trees that had been forty feet high, and was now pointing in the opposite direction to which it had been flying. There wasn't a part that wasn't broken beyond repair, so I hauled it to the field and left it out behind the hangar. It had cost me a total of \$800 and was a complete loss.

The Sunday after I washed out my Eaglerock plane, I had another crack-up. I was flying a J-5 Pitcairn for John Gorkin and went down to Moyock, North Carolina, to hop passengers. I was gliding into a small hayfield real slow, and when about ten feet high the plane stalled and dropped into the ground, bending all the center-section wing struts, thereby allowing the wings to flop down on the ground. I got the struts fixed, but it was after dark when I flew back to Norfolk.

With two crack-ups in two weeks, I thought maybe a change of scenery might change my luck, so I went back up to New York. Steve Reich was at Roosevelt Field, now operating the Stearman and a fleet biplane and a small Aeronca. For the next few weeks I flew the Stearman on a barnstorming tour in the Catskill Mountains. When I got back

Battered wings, dashed hopes—and now at last the goal in sight . . . A lively, revealing chronicle nears its climax

to Roosevelt Field, late in September, Harry was there. As we both wanted to go to California and had no car, I started looking around for a cheap plane.

Frank Cordova said he had a good OX5 Robin, so Harry and I went over and examined it. It looked pretty good and flew all right, so I bought it for \$325, and a few days later Harry and I started for California. We stopped at Norfolk for a few days and then went on, stopping every hundred miles or so when we saw a likely place to hop a few passengers.

On this trip to the Coast we were using a road map and just landing whenever we saw a good field. One day we passed up several towns without finding a field, and when we were almost out of gas, I made a forced landing in a place covered with weeds three feet high. I got down all right and the plane had rolled quite a ways, when the left wheel hit a tree stump, bending the landing-gear struts. I went over to a farmyard not far off and got some short pieces of two-by-four and cut some wire off a fence. We straightened the bent struts and wired the two-by-fours on the sides, and we got some gas out of a tractor and went on to the next town, about twenty-five miles away.

Harry was walking around the plane when he saw the stabilizer on one side was smashed. We got the landing-gear strut off and I went into town just about dark and found a blacksmith shop. I welded a patch on the strut, walked back out, and put the landing gear together that night in the dark. We got up at sunrise the next morning and tore the stabilizer open, got some wooden slats and tied them in place with copper wire. Then we sewed the fabric where it had been torn, and by noon were ready to go on.

During the eighteen days that it took us to fly from New York to Los Angeles, we were either working on the plane or walking into town and back for gasoline and food, when we weren't in the air. We slept either in the plane or on the ground under it the whole trip, being at a regular airport just two nights of the eighteen.

We landed at the Dycer Airport on Southwestern Avenue in Los Angeles, October 19, 1933, and that eve-

We jumped out of the plane. Right, Evelyn Corrigan at the Dycer Airport, Los Angeles.



ning went in to see our sister Evelyn whom I hadn't seen since leaving Los Angeles three and one half years before. She was working in the Los Angeles Public Library at that time.

About a month after Harry and I got back to Los Angeles a fellow I had known in San Diego in 1927, named George Hammond, stopped in at Dycer Airport and offered me a job on his mother's place in Santa Barbara.

Hammond had a J-5 Travelair plane and had a small field on his mother's place where he could land and take off, but kept the plane in the hangar at Carpenteria. During the four months I was working there, we built a hangar and graded the field and put in a gasoline pump.

Not long after the hangar was finished I got a letter from an airplane factory in Los Angeles saying they had a job for me, so I went to work for them. During 1934 I worked in the Northrop and Douglas Aircraft plants, usually on the night shift, from 5 P. M. to 2 A. M. As I had to rent a small hangar to keep my plane in, I decided to save room rent, so slept in the hangar with the Curtiss Robin.

I'd get up about nine or ten every morning and go flying some place or do some work on the plane. Then in the afternoon I'd eat my only meal of the day. Although I ate mostly hamburgers and chili beans, with sometimes a few doughnuts, I've never enjoyed any food better in my life.

In January, 1935, after being out of work for the third time in eight months, I finally got a job in the new airplane factory Mr. Ryan had started in San Diego the year before. I took the Robin down there with me, and Harry, who now had his pilot's license, would come down weekends from Los Angeles, where he was working in the engineering department of the Douglas Company. Later Harry came down to San Diego and went to work as an aeronautical engineer for the Consolidated Aircraft Co.

In October, 1935, I quit working for Ryan, so I decided to put a more powerful motor and some gas tanks in the Robin and try to fly from Newfoundland to Ireland. I

went to see Mr. Marriott, the chief inspector in Los Angeles, and told him I wanted to put enough extra gasoline tanks in the ship to carry a total of 225 gallons. He sort of grinned and asked, "What for?" I answered, "Oh, I just want to make some long-distance flights. He said it looked all right to him, but he'd have to get an O. K. from the engineering department. The engineering department wouldn't O. K. it. Mr. Marriott said I could go ahead and put the more powerful motor in and he'd let me know later about the tanks.

So I put in a used Wright J6-5 motor which I bought from Felix Blum at Roosevelt Field, New York, and had shipped out to San Diego. It was a 165-horsepower five-cylinder air-cooled radial motor built in May, 1929, serial number 11197. I put different wheels on the plane and gave it a complete overhaul.

In April, 1936, I was pretty much disgusted with life in general and my life in particular.

As I didn't have anything else to do nights, now that the plane was all overhauled, I started building the large gasoline and oil tanks I would need if I did get permission to make a long flight. If I didn't get permission I was going to punch holes in the tanks and throw them in the bay . . . with me and a big anchor tied on to the tanks to make sure they wouldn't float.

Harry helped me with the tanks some nights, but I did most of the work myself. By August I had the tanks installed complete, and Inspector Hanscom looked the plane over carefully and licensed it for cross-country flights only.

One afternoon in August I filled the gasoline tanks and took off from Lindbergh Field headed for St. Louis. About five hours out I ran into a big thunderstorm, which I started to fly around and the motor started cutting out. It was night and very dark when I happened to sight a lighted intermediate field, and as the storm looked worse ahead, I decided to land. In the morning I checked the motor and couldn't find anything wrong.

The field was at El Morro, New Mexico. From there I went on to St. Louis, nonstop, 1,100 miles in ten hours.

"I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES, BUT MY TONGUE SAID: 'O.K.'!"



CAN YOU BEAT IT! BRIDGE PARTY TONIGHT AND I'M ALL OUT OF WHISKEY.



AM I OUT OF LUCK! THE BANKS CLOSED AND I'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT \$2 IN MY POCKET.



SAY, THIS CRAB ORCHARD PRICE OF AROUND \$1 A PINT HITS ME JUST RIGHT. BUT HOW ABOUT THE WHISKEY?

IT'S RIGHT, TOO—OR IT WOULDN'T BE ONE OF MY BEST SELLERS. IT'S KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON AND MADE THE QUALITY WAY.



THEY'RE CERTAINLY STRONG FOR THIS CRAB ORCHARD. AND SO AM I. AND I'D BE MONEY AHEAD IF I HAD STARTED TO BUY IT LONG AGO.



PLEASE YOUR PALATE AND YOUR PURSE—AT YOUR FAVORITE BAR OR PACK-AGE STORE, ASK FOR

Crab Orchard

BRAND

WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

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The next day I left St. Louis to fly to New York non-stop. I was just past Indianapolis when the motor started missing, sure enough this time, so I went back and landed at the army airport, Schoen Field, and took the motor all apart. Three hours later I got started again, and everything went all right till I got to Pittsburgh. The motor started missing again, so I landed there. This time it was due to the heat, so I took the engine cowling off and put it in the cabin with me, thereby allowing the motor to get more air. I flew through a lot of rain that afternoon and finally, just west of Newark, saw ground fog ahead under the low clouds, so landed in a small pasture just before dark. The next day I flew on over to Roosevelt Field on Long Island.

I asked the inspector there about flying to Newfoundland and Ireland, and he referred me to Washington. I flew down there and saw Mr. Reining, who told me it would be practically impossible to get the special permission necessary to take off from Newfoundland. But he said if I put in more tanks and got an instrument flying rating he would let me go direct from New York, although he advised me to postpone the flight till 1937.

I went back to New York and took some flights in a special instrument plane, and then I found out I'd have to get a radio operator's license, even though my plane had no radio.

At Roosevelt Field there was a Swedish flyer, Kurt Björkvall, who was going to fly across to Sweden. With him was going the Baroness von Blixen-Finecke, a Swedish lady. After a lot of delays, Kurt finally took off alone, and thirty-one hours later came down in the ocean alongside a freight boat which took him on board. He lost the airplane. When I heard this, I figured it was getting a little bit late in the year and it might be best to wait till the next summer.

I thought that on the way back to California I would see how far the plane would go with full tanks of gas, and as the distance to San Antonio, Texas, by way of Jacksonville, Florida, was the same distance as from Newfoundland to Ireland, I would try to make San Antonio.

SUNDAY, October 28, 1936, I left Floyd Bennett Field with 225 gallons of gasoline, and nineteen hours later landed at Stinson Field, San Antonio, having flown 1,900 miles nonstop. That proved to me that the airplane would have made the flight across the ocean.

This was the first time I had been in San Antonio since 1919. I stayed with our old friends the Marvins for three days before going on to California.

When I left San Antonio I intended to fly nonstop to Chula Vista, California, where I had been keeping my plane. I crossed over El Paso, Texas, which was 500 miles in five hours' flying, but then I hit a head wind and was ten hours getting to the mountains near the coast which are 650 miles from El Paso. It was way after sundown and there was a fog covering the mountains, so I went up the Imperial Valley to go through the pass to Los Angeles. I got through the pass under the clouds and then hit ground fog below, so there was nothing to do but turn around and go back to Palm Springs, where I landed at the field I had worked on seven years before, and spent the night, before going on to Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles I visited my sister, who had got married the year before to Stanton McClish, the brother of one of the girls she had known in the library. Then I went on down to San Diego, where I worked for Ryan again. After a few months I went to Chula Vista and instructed flying students for the Tyce School of Aviation. I had my plane with me, and before the summer of 1937 I had installed two more gasoline tanks, making a total of 324 gallons now. I also installed a reserve oil tank of five-gallon capacity.

I sent in my application this time to fly direct from New York to London, and would probably have received permission to make the flight, but Amelia Earhart got lost in the Pacific, so the government wasn't going to allow any more ocean flights, and refused to license my plane. It looked like I was stopped now for sure.

I looked on the map and found a field at Brownville, Maine, so I flew back East without any license on the plane, landing in small out-of-the-way places after dark,



I was bewildered trying to pick out an electric razor for Jim's Christmas, UNTIL...

WHEN Jim hinted he was flirting with the idea of an electric razor, I was delighted. Here seemed a *real* answer to the question of what to give him for Christmas.

But I soon found out that electric razors come in more shapes, styles and prices than women's hats. I was hopelessly confused until the store clerk came to my rescue. Taking a long breath, he answered my questions with:

"Your own common sense will rule out the makes that are newest. Why gamble when this Remington Close-Shaver has literally hundreds of thousands of men swearing by it?"

"On the other hand, you ought to stop and think before you consider buying

one of the very early makes. Remington Rand had been making precision instruments long before anybody ever dreamed of electric shavers. But Remington Rand didn't go into the shaver business until they had a shaver without the kinks that always exist in something new.

"Finally, remember you must have *precision* if you want to get a shaver that will really *shave*. And you can't get precision workmanship in a cheap electric shaver any more than you can in a cheap watch. Play safe! Get a Remington Close-Shaver."

REMINGTON
Close-Shaver **\$15⁷⁵**

in de luxe lizard-grain, chromium-trimmed case. Packaged in crested silver box. Runs on AC and DC. If you want to keep within \$10, ask to see the new **RAND** Close-Shaver. Sells for \$9.50.



General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.
Remington Rand Ltd., Toronto, Canada

and going on again early in the morning. When I reached Brownville, I found the airport there had a big ditch across the middle which had been caused by a rainstorm a few months before. I didn't want to risk going into any of the big airports without a license, so sneaked back to Chula Vista, California.

I had been in California about two weeks when the thought came to me, Why not land at Floyd Bennett Field some evening after the officials have gone home and fill up with gas and go? They can't hang you for flying a plane without a license. Of course there would be no way to get any weather reports, but Columbus took a chance, so why not me?

So I set to work and overhauled the engine again, and started East in October for my second trip across the country in 1937. I had always considered my plane my little ray of sunshine, so now I put the name Sunshine on the cowling.

Well, the first day I was forced down by rain in Arizona. The second day I was forced down in New Mexico. The third and fourth days, in Texas. The fifth, at Arkadelphia, Arkansas. The sixth day I got lost and landed on a hillside at Ezel, Kentucky; and the seventh, I was forced down at Buckhannon, West Virginia. The eighth day I made Baltimore, and the ninth day Fitzmaurice Field, Long Island. It was not in use now and so was a good place to hide out until the rain let up, which was two days later.

It was now the end of October and getting cold, going below freezing each night. I got the daily papers and noticed that there were freezing temperatures in Newfoundland almost every day. As I had no carburetor heater on my plane, I decided not to take a chance, so the next day I went to Baltimore and saw my brother Harry, who was now

working for the Glenn Martin Aircraft Company. He had been married to Anita Williams in California just before coming East that year. Harry agreed that it was too late in the year to fly the ocean, but suggested that, as long as I was in the East, why not try a nonstop flight to the West Coast? The next afternoon I landed at Floyd Bennett Field, put in 290 gallons of gas, and took off for California. I had gotten away with it. A crowd of people had gathered round, but no one said anything about the plane being unlicensed.

The weather was bad the first eight hours. Over Mississippi, just before dawn, it cleared but got very cold, ice forming in the carburetor. That caused the engine to slow down and I had to work the throttle back and forth to break the ice loose. After that, I kept moving the throttle back and forth so the ice couldn't form.

I had head winds throughout the flight and was all day getting across Texas, the second night finding me east of El Paso with insufficient gas to reach the Coast. I had been in the air for twenty-nine hours, and gone 2,100 miles.

I landed in a small field, and the next morning I bought seventy gallons of automobile gasoline and started again for the Coast. When crossing the desert the engine overheated, partly due to the automobile gas, and I had to make a landing out in the sagebrush, twenty miles from the nearest house. The motor wouldn't cool off that

afternoon, so it was necessary to remain overnight. I had no food and no water and I'd only eaten one sandwich since leaving New York, three days before. The next morning I was so weak I could hardly start the motor. I arrived over Los Angeles about noon, only to find the whole countryside covered with fog, so landed at Adams Airport in the San Fernando Valley.

Two days later an inspector saw the plane and told the airport man not to let me fly it. Well, I didn't want to fly it anyway until the summer of 1938, so the plane sat in the hangar for the next six months.

The two round-trip flights across the country that summer of 1937 cost me everything I had, so now I was "back home and broke" sure enough.

I got a job in the Northrop factory welding—guess what—gasoline tanks, and during the next few months

welded dozens. During this time I was staying at the home of my Aunt and Uncle Longford, where my Grandmother Corrigan lives. While working in the airplane factory I kept in practice by flying other airplanes at various fields around Los Angeles and at Chula Vista. I even took some practice flights under the hood, flying by instruments in the Travelair at Glendale. I also overhauled the engine in my plane again.

When everything was ready, I went to Chief Inspector Marriott and asked for permission to make a nonstop flight to New York and a nonstop from New York to Los Angeles. He finally agreed to let me try to fly to New York, and if I got there nonstop I could try the return trip. Mr. Marriott told Inspector Scroggie to have the plane examined.

A few days later Inspector Stewart came to Adams Airport and looked at the plane and said I could have an experimental license. So now all I had to do was make the

flights. The hard work was over.

After the plane was licensed in June, 1938, I made a few test flights to check the gasoline consumption at various speeds, and found that the most practical economical speed was eighty-five miles per hour. I tightened everything up on the motor and the plane and cleaned the gasoline lines and strainers and oil screens. I put in fresh oil and fixed up some food and water, and marked the maps all ready to go. Then it was just a matter of watching the daily weather maps for favorable conditions across the country.

On July 7 the weatherman at Burbank said the weather would be good for a while, so the next day I put in 100 gallons of gasoline and told Johnny Adams at the field that I was going on a trip to Texas and would be back in a few days. I flew down to Long Beach and put in 145 gallons more and told the fellow I was going to El Paso, Texas.

That way, if I didn't get to New York, no one would know that the flight was a failure, because I hadn't told them I was going to New York.

Next week comes Corrigan's own story of his famous "wrong-way" flight. Was it a mistake? What happened when he landed in Ireland? Don't miss the astonishing revelations that bring this engaging autobiography to a close.

AS TOLD BY THE LIVING AND THE DEAD



BY TAIJA SCHUBERT

I know you point at me and say: . . . "That's little old Mrs. Beacom. . . . S-h-h-h . . . she's a little off."

Oh, you mothers everywhere, feel a little pity for my half-crazed mind.

It was on Sunday that I stood on the porch waving good-by to him. . . . My boy was going to church. . . . He was waving too . . . when the automobile failed to heed the light.

Have you ever held a loved one in your arms—torn, crushed, bleeding—and watched him die?

Tears fall each Sunday.

A surprise for skeptics— Here are facts and figures that tell a heartening story

BY FRANK MACDONALD REED

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ABOUT the only business that did not suffer in the decade of depression was the business of saving souls. In the 1920s, when earthly riches seemed to be mounting to the sky, spiritual riches achieved their shortest stature.

Calvin Coolidge, a godly man, brought no Coolidge prosperity to the church of God. Herbert Hoover, in the first gay months of his Presidency, did no better.

But in the last three years of Quaker Hoover and the first five years of Vestryman Roosevelt, when secular business was wallowing in the slough of financial depression, religious business scaled an all-time high.

Today, according to the latest head count, there are a hundred and twenty-seven millions of us in the U. S. A., and of the eighty-seven millions who are thirteen years old or over, fifty-one millions, or nearly two thirds, are church members.

These figures will doubtless come as a surprise, almost a revelation, to skeptical nonconformists. Even to religionists, such an overwhelming majority should be unexpectedly comforting when it is taken into consideration that in this country church membership is strictly optional.

Of course, in a strong Catholic country like Italy or a strong Protestant country like Scotland, we expect the percentage of communicants to be large. What it would be if church membership were wholly a matter of choice, no one knows; but judging from reactions in other Old World countries once the official pressure is removed, it would not be so good as that in supposedly irreligious America.

The American record is the more notable because it has been achieved in the face of the competition of modern American life. It is a tribute to the vigor of the American churches that the country that has the most automobiles, the most golf courses, the most movie theaters, and the most radios also has the most church members.

Perhaps the chief surprise of all in these figures is the status of the Protestant Church.

Everybody knows the strength of the Catholic Church, and of the Jewish Congregations. But the opinion has been widespread in non-church circles that Protestantism in America was on the down grade.

The Roman Catholic Church is still, of course, by far the largest single church body in the United States. No one of the great Protestant denominations approaches, by itself, the Church of Rome's grand total of nearly fifteen million adult communicants. The Jewish Congregations, with nearly three million, also lag



The nationally successful Good-Will Tour was made by (top to bottom) Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron, the Rev. Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, and Father Michael J. Ahern, S. J.

far behind. But the Evangelical Protestants, taken as a group, outnumber the Jews by more than ten to one, and the Catholics by more than two to one.

The total adult church membership divides thus:

Evangelical Protestants	31,303,214	61.34%
Roman Catholics	14,797,479	28.99%
Jewish Congregations	2,930,332	5.74%
Miscellaneous	2,005,524	3.93%

Here is the way the adult Protestants divide:

Southern Baptist	4,121,663
Methodist Episcopal	3,962,738
National Baptist (Colored)	3,383,005
Methodist Episcopal, South	2,466,775
Presbyterian	1,834,487
Disciples of Christ	1,494,531
Northern Baptist	1,412,279
Protestant Episcopal	1,400,086
United Lutheran	1,112,814
Synodical Lutheran Conference	1,042,957
American Lutheran Conference	1,020,604
Congregational and Christian	986,211

In addition to all the adult communicants of the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant faiths, there are nearly ten million children under thirteen years of age who have been taken into our various church organizations. There are also a goodly number of associate members and other adherents and affiliates. The grand total of persons old and young on the church rolls is well over sixty-one millions.

And, of course, even this figure does not begin to represent the total religious population. We can all count in our immediate circle people who are bound by family traditions to one or another of the great faiths, and are in everything but form practicing church members. Some estimates place the total of these informal adherents as high as thirty millions, which would bring the grand total of the religious population of America to over ninety million people—70 per cent of us all.

That church-attendance figures, if they were available, would lag far behind church membership figures is an admitted fact. They always have. Even in the days when the church, by reason of the average community's isolation, was the natural meeting place of all the people, attendance never caught up with enrollment.

Nowadays, when social visits to the nearest city are no more difficult than they used to be to the nearest neighbor, it is inevitable that there should be many empty pews and some empty churches. But that doesn't mean that there is less listening to sermons and prayers and religious music.

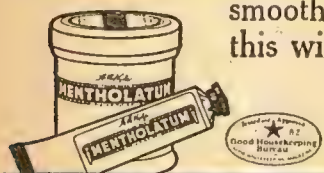
Try to get anything else on your radio Sunday morning. The entire nation seems to be at church. There are Catholic hours and Jewish hours and a dozen weekly Protestant periods over national networks sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches. The preachers are the best to be had. The music is magnificent. The programs are among the most popu-

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BE prepared for those rough spots of winter: sneezing—stopped-up nostrils and nasal irritation accompanying head colds—chapped skin—aching muscles. Keep soothing Mentholatum on hand to combat them.

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A Correspondence Institution

lar on the air. The "fan mail" is tremendous. The audience, estimated in the millions, undoubtedly exceeds any previous church-attendance figures in the history of American churches.

This drastic change in the habits of religious people is admittedly hard on ill-paid preachers facing empty pews. It is hard, too, on elderly churchgoers unable to adjust themselves to the presence of a great new force in American religious life.

But there is no less appreciation of music in America today because millions listen to Toscanini's orchestra in their own sitting rooms instead of merely favored hundreds in Carnegie Hall. By the same token, the change which has come about in what might be called church-attendance technique suggests no diminution of religious zeal or church vigor. In many devout families the microphone has simply replaced the pulpit, the easy chair the pew.

VERY properly, church leaders have not resigned themselves wholly to this new situation. They believe that there is a special value in personal touch between preacher and congregation which should not be lost.

Leaders in entertainment circles, to use a secular example, have felt the same way in the face of the movies. To preserve the qualities which belong intrinsically to the living theater, they have encouraged new dramatic techniques. The comparison may seem farfetched, and possibly a bit irreverent—although it is not meant so—but the leaders of the churches have also wisely decided to adopt new methods to keep alive the old type of personal worship.

The most ingenious and quite the most successful idea so far is that of Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr, pastor of Pittsburgh's Shadyside Presbyterian Church and a former Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, who had a vision of a vast traveling mission, with the outstanding Protestant clergy in America as the principal preachers, which would cover key cities throughout the nation.

Accordingly the "National Preaching Mission" convened in New York, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Detroit, Indianapolis, Atlanta, Birmingham, Louisville, St. Louis, Cleveland, Des Moines, Omaha, Billings, Seattle, Vancouver, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Dallas, Chicago, Washington, Raleigh, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Twenty-five thousand Protestant ministers and over two million lay worshipers of all denominations attended the meetings. In some cities there were as many as twenty thousand persons at a single meeting.

These practical expressions of a new vigor in American churchdom are not confined to any one faith.

Not long ago, church groups in all parts of the nation became deeply

concerned over the pictures then being produced in Hollywood. They decided to do something about it. Under the leadership of several high Catholic prelates, the Legion of Decency was formed. Catholics were ordered to boycott the movies entirely during the ban announced by their superiors, so that producers in Hollywood would realize that they would be losing money by continued production of "indecent and immoral" films.

But the Catholics did not have to fight alone. The Legion of Decency received the support of the Protestant Church in every part of the nation. Many leading Jewish rabbis also commended it. In a number of religious periodicals of both Protestant and Catholic publication were listed each week the most recent pictures, with suggestions as to the fitness of the subject for adults, adolescents, and small children. This is of inestimable value to the public in general and to parents in particular.

What was the result?

The movies are now producing the highest type of films in their brief history; and the record attendance in recent years at such films as Captains Courageous, The Life of Emile Zola, Mutiny on the Bounty, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and countless others of the highest type speaks for itself.

And this pooling of resources has not stopped with any one instance or campaign. A real spirit of co-operation is now actuating the leaders of the three great religious faiths.

The National Conference of Jews and Christians recently sponsored a Good-Will Tour throughout the continent by three prominent clergymen representing the three great faiths: the Rev. Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, New York Presbyterian minister; Father Michael J. Ahern of Weston College, Weston, Massachusetts; and Rabbi Morris S. Lazon of Baltimore.

THIS delegation traveled from coast to coast, visiting twelve states and twenty-seven cities. They addressed forty-five thousand persons at their meetings and countless numbers of radio listeners in the cities where they spoke over the air. The tour, which was successful in all its objectives, illustrated just what can be done when a minister, a priest, and a rabbi work with instead of against one another.

Shortly after this unprecedented Good-Will Tour by the delegates of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths, three prominent New York clergymen—the Rev. Dr. W. Russell Bowie, rector of Grace Episcopal Church; the Rev. Phillip J. Farlong, vice-president of St. Patrick's Cathedral College; and Dr. Abraham L. Feinberg of Mount Nebo Temple—united in a nationwide broadcast stressing the same sound principles of co-operation in furthering God's work.

And here, it seems to me, are manifestations of the real reason for rejoicing in the church camp.

THE END



MAGNIFICENT

Fool

She whispered, "You didn't have to send a sailor to fish me out this time."

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

THE ship was rolling a bit and Patience had her feet planted well apart as she stood before the bulletin board at the head of the main companionway.

The voyage was nearly over and they were due in New York the next morning. It was a few minutes past noon. Patsy wasn't interested in the number of knots the vessel had logged in the preceding twenty-four hours. She was reading the New York press bulletins which had just come down from the radio room. The Cheney trial was well under way. That was all. No details.

Patsy went out on deck again and flopped herself gloomily into her steamer chair. A ubiquitous steward sought to help her with her rug, but she waved him irritably away. She reached down into the briefcase which stood propped against a leg of her chair, and fished out the final pages of her report which she was preparing for the Stullman Institute. It needed but a few concluding paragraphs. She pulled her knees up to her chin and wrote for an hour, scarcely looking up. She had much power of absorption in a task, even for a scientist—especially for a woman.

Finally she finished the last paragraph. She lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply and gratefully, like a man, while she stretched out her cramped knees. Moodily she watched the rail as it dipped slowly and gracefully to the hard-cut horizon. She had cleaned up the darned old re-

Patsy to the rescue! Now swift, tense drama brings down the final curtain

BY WALTON GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

port now, and she was entitled to gloom a bit. As a matter of fact she had been glooming for three days—ever since she had sent the radiogram to Miss Dorsey. Not because she had sent it but because she had had no answer. She had not cared to wire Prescott direct, because he had ignored her letters and cable from Vienna. She did not blame him. But it gave her a funny dead empty feeling.

That was before he was indicted. The indictment changed everything. Judith—and Joe Lucas, and all the others. I'm a fine Nobel prize winner, she thought bitterly.

The elation of the Indo-China prospect had sustained her during the voyage. But as she drew nearer to New York she found her thoughts turning unceasingly to Scott and his trial. How much of it was her formula? she wondered. And what had that old devil Guzicka cooked up? Just what she could do for Scott she did not know.

And so she had radioed that dragon secretary of his that she was on the way over and would give any help in her power. And the whisker-faced old vixen hadn't even had the decency to answer her! Patsy flicked her cigarette over the rail with a furious and unladylike expertness. Then she turned up the collar of her tweed coat.

Presently out of the corner of her eye she saw the radio operator coming down the deck. Patsy had watched this particular operator walk past her a score of times. But this time he stopped at her chair. She signed for the message and tore open the envelope.

ACKNOWLEDGING YOUR WIRE NO ASSISTANCE REQUIRED MR CHENEY ASSUMING FULL RESPONSIBILITY
W DORSEY

Patsy crumpled the radiogram and threw it on to the deck. She got up and gathered her things and went below to her stateroom. There was a flaming spot of color in each cheek and her eyes were hard and angry.

It took her a long time to get to sleep that night. She was up before daylight and on deck with the first passenger. She was breakfasted and packed and with her customs declaration all made out before the pilot came aboard. The steward brought her a New York paper. The Cheney trial was the lead story. The prosecution had rested the day before, and the defense had already begun. Prescott Cheney was expected to go on the stand sometime today. Anxiously Patsy skimmed through the story: "Dr. Guzicka, Director of Research for Cheney Company, star witness for the People, testifies he knew nothing in detail about the fatal vaccine formula . . . not in his department . . . product of Miss Carmichael's private laboratory . . . only nominally under his supervision . . . produced by Mr. Cheney's explicit orders and under his personal direction"—et cetera, et cetera.

Patience gasped and read it all through again. Was it possible—good heaven! As the full import came over her, she crumpled the paper and threw it savagely to the deck. For five minutes she sat in grim and outraged silence. At the end of that time her indignation had cooled and she had begun to think again. She became the efficient Patience Carmichael of the laboratory.

She picked up the rumpled paper and smoothed it out. She made a note of the court and of the name of the presiding judge and of Prescott Cheney's attorney. She went below to the purser's office and shoved her memorandum under the grille.

"Will you please tell me the quickest way to get from the dock to that address?"

The assistant purser studied the memorandum.

"Yes, ma'am. Taxi down the West Side Highway and over to Center Street."

NO one would meet her, thank heaven, for she had sailed unannounced. Landing seemed interminable to her. The customs examiner seemed leaden-handed and wooden-headed. In point of fact the man was efficient, speedy, and courteously perfunctory. Once cleared, she directed an expressman to send her luggage to her club. Then she hurried out to the street and jumped into a taxi.

Twenty minutes later she was in the Criminal Courts Building. She thought it must be almost midday, she had been up so long. Actually it was shortly after ten o'clock. She found the court she wanted and gave her card—she had taken the precaution to put it in a sealed envelope—to a doorman.

"Please give this to Mr. James Marsin."

"No more seats, lady," said the doorman, with the mixture of insolence and admiration which court attendants reserve for the more beautiful of trial habitués.

"I don't want a seat," snapped Patsy. "Be good enough to take that to Mr. Marsin."

In two minutes Mr. James Marsin was at her side. He was staring from Patsy's card to Patsy.

"I've just this minute landed," said Patsy without even shaking hands. "I've read the morning paper. How is the trial going?"

"Not so good," said Marsin. He was a fat man who rather bounded when he walked, and he had amused eyes.

"But—it's perfectly awful!" protested Patience.

"Could they actually convict him? When he doesn't know a thing about chemistry?"

"He's the active head of a concern that sells dangerous drugs," returned the lawyer dryly. "There is a lot of public indignation. This isn't an ordinary trial. The newspapers have convicted Cheney long ago. I don't say it's right—"

"But if it's anybody's fault, it's mine, Mr. Marsin. Isn't there anything I can do? Couldn't I go on the stand and swear that I *knew* the vaccine was dangerous? Surely—"

"Isn't that about what the state is trying to prove?" asked Mr. Marsin, still more dryly. "Perhaps it's just as well the District Attorney's office doesn't know you're here."

"Oh!" exclaimed Patsy, with horror in her eyes.

A young man had come out through the swing doors and was whispering to Marsin. Marsin listened and then turned back to Patsy.

"However, Miss Carmichael," he said tolerantly, "I think I'll let you tell your story to Mr. Gurdy, here. Mr. Gurdy is one of my assistants. He'll take you into a conference room. I've got to get back now, Miss Carmichael. We're going to put Cheney on for his direct. If you care to come in later, Mr. Gurdy will see that you get a seat."

"No; I think not," said Patsy. "And—I think it will be best if Mr. Cheney isn't told that I am here."

Mr. Marsin nodded and hurried boundingly back into the courtroom. Patience followed Mr. Gurdy miserably down the corridor to the conference room.

ABOUT four hours later Patsy did enter the courtroom, however. Young Mr. Gurdy left her in a seat inconspicuously in the rear, and went forward to the counsel table, where he began to whisper to his chief.

Patience looked about. She saw Prescott. He was in the witness chair. It gave her a quick gulpy feeling in the throat. He looked tired and his face wore the impassive mask that was so deceptive. His legs were crossed and his whole manner was wearily indifferent—almost contemptuous. She was sure he was not making a good impression.

The young Assistant District Attorney was bombarding him with questions, and Prescott was answering with slow aloofness. It was near the end of the cross-examination.

"And now, Mr. Cheney, you have testified that you did not order the vaccine marketed until the Research Director had reported it harmless?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have heard Dr. Guzicka testify that he made no such report to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"So? You have that report, I presume?"

"No. I had it. It has disappeared from my files."

"Disappeared from your files, has it?" purred the D. A. to the jury. "Come now, Mr. Cheney. Do you expect the jury to believe that cock-and-bull—"

"Object," murmured Mr. Marsin perfunctorily.

"Withdrawn," murmured the D. A. perfunctorily.

"Isn't it a fact," continued the prosecutor, "that you owned an unfinished and untried formula—the unsuccessful Carmichael formula that received so much premature publicity last year? And that you deliberately and with criminal negligence—"

"I object!" snapped Mr. Marsin with more force.

The D. A. smiled tolerantly and addressed the Court:

"If your Honor please: we are proposing to show by this witness' own testimony that he alone had knowledge of the dangerous properties of this drug."

"You may show it. You may not characterize it," said the judge gently. "Objection sustained."

The D. A. rustled his notes and tried another tack.

"Mr. Cheney, was Miss Patience Carmichael under contract to the Cheney Company?"

"No formal contract. A verbal understanding for one year."

"Had that year expired when she left you and went to Vienna?"

"No, sir. She had been with us about eight months."

"Eight months? And why did she leave, please?"

Patience gasped. But Scott was answering as smoothly and impersonally as before:

"I do not know. Personal reasons, I presume. I did not ask her."

"Personal reasons? Did she by any chance have a nervous breakdown? In the middle of a radio speech?"

"She did," said Scott coldly.

"Do you know what caused that breakdown?"

"I do not. I am not a doctor."

"Was it because you had discharged her?"

"We did not discharge her. She left after the radio breakdown—of her own volition."

"So? Of her own volition? She didn't like her job with you?"

"Evidently not," said Scott tersely.

"And why didn't she like her job, Mr. Cheney? Was it because you wanted to market her vaccine while it was still in an experimental stage? And she refused?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why?"

Scott hesitated for the first time. He sat forward in his chair and smiled at the prosecutor—rather imperiously and altogether charmingly.

IF you will let me answer that question in my own way, I think it will be the way you want me to answer, too. I—"

The judge looked up fleetingly. "The witness will confine himself to the question."

"Go on, Mr. Cheney," said the D. A. wearily. This man Cheney was too self-possessed by half.

"Miss Carmichael was a research chemist," began Prescott. "She came to us rather against her better judgment and with a scientific prejudice against industrial methods. After a time she found herself out of sympathy with the commercial needs of a manufacturing drug company. She felt that she was being hurried and that she could not do her best work."

"You mean, when she couldn't produce her formula promptly enough, she got out?" encouraged the D. A.

"Exactly. We hired her because she was on the point of developing a flu vaccine of tremendous medical and commercial value. When she couldn't do it, she felt that she had failed in her part of the bargain—and resigned in order to save us embarrassment."

"Leaving you the unfinished vaccine?"

"Leaving us the unfinished vaccine. Which I proceeded to push to a successful completion, as I then thought."

"You pushed? Are you a chemist, Mr. Cheney?"

"No, sir. As I have said, I relied upon my laboratory reports."

"Reports which you now 'cannot find.' Isn't it a fact, Mr. Cheney, that you personally, and you alone, are responsible for this fatal vaccine?"

"Why, of course," said Scott without a moment's hesitation. "If you'd asked me that to begin with you'd have saved a lot of time."

There was a ripple of laughter from

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the audience—almost of applause—punctuated by the sharp rap of the gavel. The prosecutor was regarding Prescott uneasily.

Patsy Carmichael sat bolt upright, her cheeks flushed with pride, and anger, and tenderness.

"Miss Patience Carmichael to the stand!" the clerk was calling.

There was an audible flutter in the courtroom. Patsy stood up and walked slowly down the aisle to the stand. She settled herself in the witness chair. She looked at the judge while she was being sworn. The judge looked back at her. Scott was sitting below her and scarcely ten feet away. She stared straight over his head. She did not dare look at him. Her eyes were still shining too brightly.

Mr. Marsin was on his feet. He was rustling the typed pages in his hand.

He droned through the usual biographical identification. Then:

"Miss Carmichael, you have just returned from Europe, have you not?"

"A few hours ago."

"And you have recently been awarded the Nobel prize in chemistry, I believe?"

"Your Honor!" The D. A. was on his feet. "If the object of this is to qualify the witness as an expert—"

"Is it necessary?" murmured Marsin, the amused look giving way to a certain quiet zest. "Never mind, Miss Carmichael. Now, we want you to tell the jury the precise status of your vaccine experiments when you resigned from the Cheney staff some months ago."

"It killed about one subject out of thirty," said Patience nervously. Even the Court looked startled.

"Monkeys—not men," added Patsy hastily.

"You knew it was dangerous?"

"Obviously."

"Was that danger common knowledge in the Cheney laboratory?"

"Yes."

"Did Mr. Cheney know it?"

"Mr. Cheney didn't know a formula from—from a lamppost," said Patsy forcibly, and stole a glance at Scott to see how he liked a little fancy lying. But Scott was not looking up.

"Did Dr. Guzicka know the vaccine was dangerous?"

"Objection!" snapped the D. A.

"Very well. Did you tell—or did you *show* Dr. Guzicka that it was dangerous?"

"Yes indeed. He had watched my work throughout. And he had all my notes after I left. And then, of course, I cabled him later from Vienna."

"You cabled him? To what effect, please?"

"Why, warning him that I'd found the element in 2 BX—that's what my formula was called—the substance that was causing the mortality. And I wrote him later in great detail."

"You wrote him? And you cabled him—warning him that the formula was deadly?"

"Yes—that's what it amounted to."

SHE could see now, without lowering her eyes, that Prescott was staring fixedly at her.

"Do you remember the date of your cable?"

"No. But it was a few days before the flu struck the States."

"Thank you, Miss Carmichael. That is all. The witness is yours, Mr. District Attorney."

"No questions," growled the D. A., his arms folded on his chest.

Patience left the stand. She walked within two feet of Prescott. He did not raise his head. Patsy went back to her seat. Mr. Marsin was addressing the Court:

"This is an authenticated copy of the cablegram in question. I also submit the cable company's receipt, signed by Dr. Guzicka, showing that the cable was delivered to him in person and on the date shown. I ask that both documents be admitted in evidence."

The D. A. was on his feet again. The judge was examining the cablegram and the receipt. He nodded and passed them down to the clerk. An attendant carried them to the foreman of the jury.

Ten minutes later it was all over but the handshaking.

Patsy stood up and moved with the crowd that were pressing forward to the counsel table. Young Gurdy saw her and brought her inside the rail. Mr. Marsin put a fatherly hand on her shoulder.

"It's this young woman that turned the trick, Cheney."

She was shaking hands with Scott and he was saying something. It sounded perfunctory. She drew back. If she could only catch his eye! But he was talking and laughing—with reporters.

Patience turned and walked slowly from the courtroom. She had never in her life felt as she felt at that moment. In the corridor she found a man beside her. It was Milton Eddie of the Star.

"No, no," she said chokingly. "I can't say anything. I'm sorry."

She shook him off and got outside the building. Somehow she made her way to the subway and took an uptown train. She went straight to the club. Yes, her trunks had arrived and had been sent up to her room.

PATSY went up and started to unpack. It seemed futile. She looked morosely out of the window. After a time she decided to take a hot bath. She stripped off her clothes and went into the bathroom and drew the tub very hot and very full. She lay and soaked, half floating, and looking at her long legs. Oh, rats! Buck up, Patsy—the worst is yet to come.

She rubbed down briskly and dressed again. What time was it now? Not yet five. Would Scott have gone straight to his rooms, perhaps? After all, she really *ought* to call him up. If only to congratulate him.

She called his rooms. He was not there. She called the Dunderhead Club. Not there. Could he possibly have gone to his office? She rang the old familiar number, and found herself on the line with Miss Dorsey.

"Oh," said the dragon uncompromisingly. "Yes—I know your voice quite well. No, Mr. Cheney's not here—and I don't know where he is."

"But I've got to find him. Please don't ring off," called Patience frantically. She jiggled the hook. The line was dead.

This was the one touch too much for Miss Patience Carmichael. Her discontent, her restlessness, her self-pity fell from her in a rush of resentment and rage. She seized her hat and rushed out into the hall. She pulled her hat on going down in the elevator and without benefit of mirror.

She stopped at the office on her way out and wrote a telegram. It was addressed to Professor Jessups of the Stullman Institute. While she wrote she laughed grimly—a little hysterically. Then she went outside and jumped into a waiting taxi. Ten minutes later she was stalking through the well remembered hallway of the Cheney works. She entered Miss Dorsey's office with her swinging loping stride, her cheeks pink with anger and her eyes alight with fire.

"How dare you hang up on me—you—you old wretch!"

Miss Dorsey drew back under the assault.

"I don't know where Mr. Cheney is," she bristled.

"Then find out. You're his secretary. I've come from Europe. I've *got* to see him. And I'm going to see him. If you don't help me—I'll—I don't know *what* I'll do to you."

She was leaning with both hands on the desk. She was breathing in gasps. The other woman looked up at her. Patsy was very angry and very beautiful. And she was biting her lips. A large tear ran down her nose and dropped on the memorandum pad.

"That's just because—*oh*, I'm so angry with you!" Patsy choked.

Miss Dorsey stared. Slowly the animosity faded from the leathery old face. She wrinkled her nose. Then she rubbed it vigorously.

"You might try the Yacht Club," she grudged. "He's been sleeping aboard the Setsu lately. To get away from people."

"Oh!" said Patsy.

"And don't say I didn't give you a break," rumbled Miss Dorsey.

"Oh," repeated Patsy in a low voice. She blushed.

Suddenly she leaned down and kissed the wrinkled cheek. Then she turned without a word and hurried out.

At the Yacht Club she could find no one to take her out. A launch would be back in a short time, they told her. Patience could see the Setsu anchored in the stream. She walked down on the float. The man in charge was not helpful. He had to go up to the office for a minute. Launch would be in soon.

Patsy was looking at the private boats that were tied up. There were several rowing dinghies and small skiffs. She waited until the boatman was out of sight. Then she untied the painter of a small mahogany tender and jumped in. She was well out in the stream when the sailor came running down the gangway, calling out to her as he ran.

PRESCOTT had come straight from court to the boat. He had changed into his sailing flannels with the rumpled sweat shirt. The crew were below at supper. Scott lay on his back in the stern sheets and smoked his pipe.

It was a lovely summer evening. As soon as the crew had finished mess he would get under way and go offshore for overnight. He felt very let down. He supposed he ought to feel set up—now that it was all over and he was vindicated. And he owed it to Patsy. That was the worst. Owing it—that way. Why in heaven's name had she looked at him so queerly in court? Distantly. Impersonally. A word of formal, smiling congratulation. As if she were throwing him a bone. Yes, that was it—a bone of compassion. More of the maternalism stuff. But hadn't she made all that plain enough—in Cherbourg? Why did she have to tear open the old wound again?

He heard the sound of some one rowing a boat alongside. And then a tremulous voice—from right under the stern where he was lying.

"Can I come aboard, Scott? You asked me to once—in Woods Hole."

Prescott Cheney's face went chalk white. Slowly he turned on his elbow and looked over the side.

"Why do you want to come aboard?" His voice was harsh.

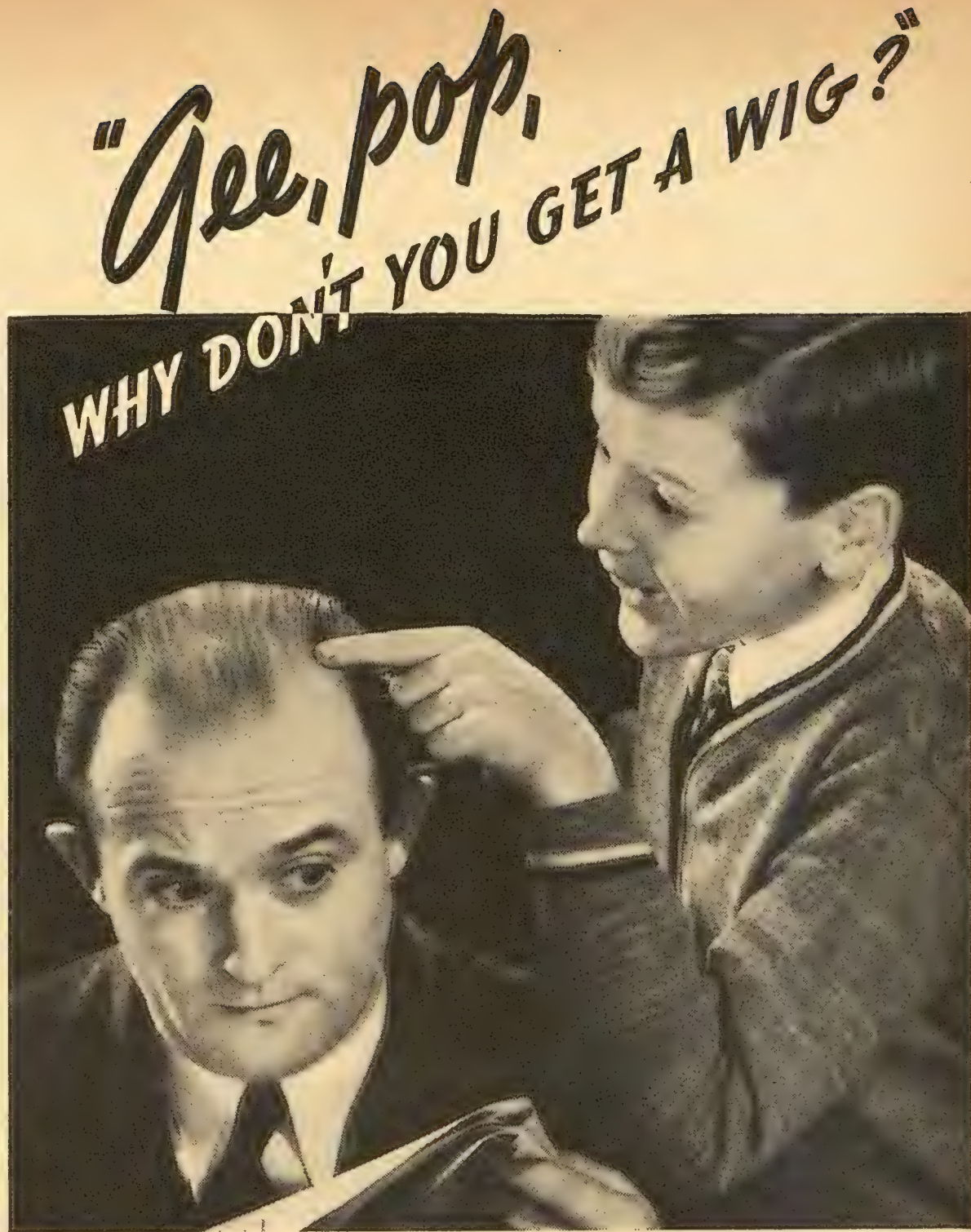
Patience looked up at him straight and unafraid.

"I—I've been appointed head of the Stullman Mission to go to China for three years," she heard herself saying inanely.

"Is *that* what you've come out here to tell me?" he demanded savagely.

"No, Scott. To tell you that I've just refused to go. Scott, I want to ask your forgiveness. I want to be with you. I—I found it out in Vienna. I came back to you—as fast as I could. As soon as I knew. Not just to help you—at the trial, I mean. But—everything!"

He was staring at her—trying to bore with his eyes into her heart. His head was reeling, redly and madly—and hungrily. Patience was standing up precariously in the skiff.



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"I'm coming aboard anyway, Scott," she said simply. "Unless you say you don't love me. Don't you see, Scott? It's the forgotten woman that Min talks about. Am I your forgotten woman, Scott? I'm throwing myself at your head. And I don't care. You do love me. Why don't you say so?"

"If you come aboard this boat, you'll come for good," whispered Scott insanely.

"Couldn't we be married first?" she whispered with the throaty laugh that inflamed his senses. "Oh, Scott—Scott—what a fool I've been—"

Longingly she raised her arms, and he stretched his own down to meet her.

"You fool," he cried, "you magnificent fool! Love you? Oh, Patsy! With every drop of blood in me—I love you. Hold tight, my dear—hold tight."

He drew her up to the rail beside him, and she swung herself aboard. She lay laughing in his arms.

"Well, anyway," she whispered, "you didn't have to send a sailor to fish me out this time."

She turned her lovely face up to him, and his lips fell upon hers and lay there.

Captain Ben Runker appeared at the head of the fore-castle companion. He cocked an eye aft, as every good sailorman does when coming on deck. Then he turned softly and tiptoed below. Meanwhile the mahogany tender of some brother yachtsman was drifting quietly and unheeded downstream.

THE END

QUESTIONS

1—He taught in a girls' school in the U. S. A., was a radical leader in France, where he was to bring about separation of Church and State, and served after the World War as chairman of the Peace Conference in Paris. The early photo is of whom?

2—If a horse has forty teeth, how many has a mare?

3—Which group of American Indians lived in apartment houses?

4—Snuff is really pulverized what?

5—How much was a pound of flesh worth to Shakespeare's Shylock?

6—Is there a town named T. B. in Maryland?

7—What is the name of Joe Penner's girl friend on his radio show?

8—What apostle, according to the Bible, was shipwrecked three times?

9—If muscles are the organs of motion, what are the instruments?

10—Is the act of properly playing a harp called harping, strumming, or plunking?

11—What amendment cannot be made to the Constitution of the United States?

12—In which state is the United States Cavalry School?

13—Who wrote the novel Ramona?

14—In Brazil about four times as many people speak which language as in what country?

15—Were 72, 102, 647, or 717 passengers aboard the Mayflower?

16—In a bullfight, who buries his sword blade between the bull's shoulder blades?

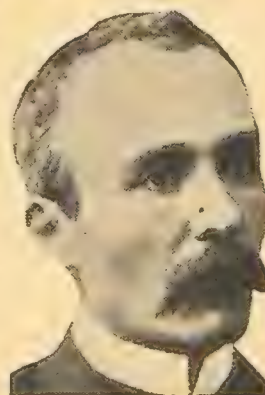
17—What color is ultramarine?

18—Who was the second husband of Napoleon's first wife?

19—The thirty-ninth article of what establishes an Englishman's right to trial by jury?

20—Who chases and catches up with Joan Bennett in Trade Winds?

(Answers will be found on page 59)



EVERY GIRL A *Queen*

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A "GUINEA-PIG BOOK" writer says in one place: "Moral customs . . . are determined largely by economic self-interest."

And that Marxian sentence is used to show that American manufacturers, for a profit, encourage American women to look like Cleopatras. Well, why shouldn't they look like Cleopatras? Or a million per cent better? Why should not every American girl look like a queen, feel like a queen? Why should she not lift her head high, no matter how she earns a living—whether she stands behind a counter in a Woolworth store or waits on a table in a diner or bangs a typewriter as somebody's secretary?

And in this country every girl—and every woman, for that matter—can give her hair the right curl, her lips the ruby touch, her cheeks the glow of well-being, her nails a perfect finish. She can do that for little money or for lots of money, depending upon what she thinks she can afford and how much it may mean to her. If it stirs the right spot in her soul to buy Mary Pickford or Helena Rubinstein or Max Factor or Primrose House, who is going to say to her: "Pipe down, sister. You're only a ribbon clerk. Those things are for the glamour girls in Hollywood"?

That just does not make sense in our kind of country. If it lifts the ego and gives a woman the thrill of being as good-looking and as well groomed as anybody else in this whole world—well, that's her story and it's nobody else's business. Maybe the gals who object to cosmetics and to their being advertised, and who stay home nights and roll their own tooth paste, don't need a lift. Maybe it's all over for them and they know it. But the average American girl wants to look right—and looking right means that she is not going to be passed by as a has-been out of a Dickens novel. She wants to be up-to-the-last-second. That's why European women, watching Amer-

ican girls on their way to work in the morning, say that it reminds them of a procession of debutantes.

And another thing about the guinea-piggers and all their objections to advertising cosmetics: Their argument seems to be that advertised brands are fixed up in containers, jars, bottles, compacts, and what-nots that are more expensive than the stuff itself. The trouble with those folks is that they do not understand human nature. Our women do not fix themselves up only to catch men, like their nineteenth-century sisters. They want to please themselves.

Did you ever see a modern girl's dressing table, with skirts and trimmings and little lamps? That's not put there to dazzle men. That's there for the girl herself. She likes to see it just so. And she wants her bottles and jars

to be pretty. She hates messy, ugly, nasty-looking concoctions all over the place. And when she pulls out her lipstick, she wants that to look right, just as Norma Shearer does. Money is not the criterion there; it's a psychic sense of having things. And whether the girl buys hers at a five-and-

ten or at a swank specialty shop, she wants it to look as though the manufacturer took some trouble about it.

And furthermore, all this did not start with the makers of cosmetics. They followed a trend. It started when our women became free, when they began to earn their own livings, when they stopped being dependents on their fathers and brothers and even their husbands.

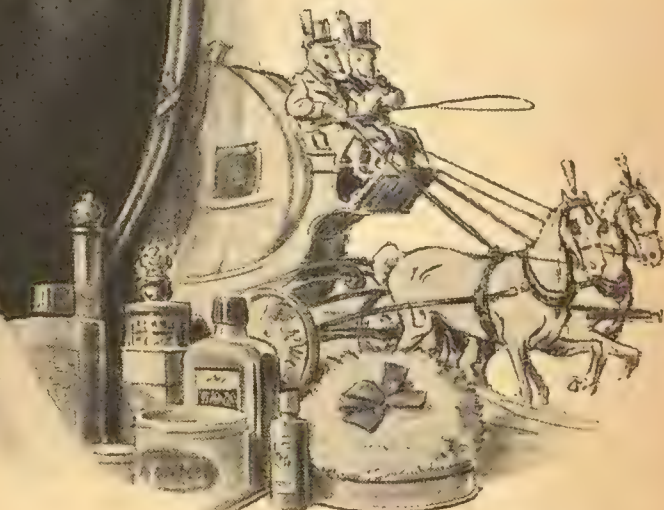
You must remember, if you're old enough to have been around between 1910 and 1917, how they used to arrest women in this country for smoking cigarettes in public. And it wasn't much before that that a family was a bit ashamed if a daughter went out to work. Why, in 1870 only seven women were employed as "shorthand" writers in the whole United States. And if a girl did

When business serves beauty—Another
eye-opening record of what advertising
and enterprise have done for womankind

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY



ADVERTISING



more than put a little talcum powder on her face—and, believe it or not, some even used flour—the kids would run after her and shout: “Painted face! Painted face!”

And the girls looked it. The other day I went through a Montgomery Ward catalogue of the year 1900, and you ought to see what our women looked like and what they wore. The hats, the shoes, the dresses, the corsets! Those women washed their faces with cucumber and oatmeal soap and pared their nails with clippers.

Of course you can have character and brains and morals, no matter what you look like. But my point is that our women choose to look good. And our manufacturers are willing to give them the wherewithal.

And that's where advertising comes in. It makes that wherewithal available. It tells them what the name of the product is—whether it's Coty's or Pond's or Lady Esther or Hudnut's or Woodbury's or Daggett and Ramsdell's or whatever brand she chooses. And competition through advertising gives her a wide choice. And there is no power on earth that can compel her to use one brand or another except according to her own choice. So that, fundamentally, all that advertising really does is to call her attention to the article and to give her a choice as to quality, price, and her own psychic reaction to the general make-up of the product—which includes its particular type of packaging.

I must say that in this field there have been some swindlers. The classic case of *Koremlu* is always cited by the “guinea-pig books” as an example of the evils of advertising. *Koremlu* was a dangerous and evil product. It should not have been produced; it should not have been advertised; it should not have been sold or bought. Let me reproduce here what the manufacturers of cosmetics themselves had to say about this fake:

No one is more sincere than we are in lamenting the tragic occurrences which followed the sale and use of KOREMLU, a depilatory. The predecessor of the present Toilet Goods Association, which was known as the Associated Manufacturers of Toilet Articles, was among the first to bring Government action into play to obtain the immediate seizure and removal from sale of this offending product.

Should an industry which sells over forty thousand named preparations be ruthlessly attacked because of this tragic instance, which occurred some years ago? In all fairness there can only be one answer.

THAT is exactly the point. There are a huge number of preparations on this particular market, to meet every need and desire, every taste and whim, every purchasing power. These products are made known to the public through advertising. Most of them are the products of reliable, substantial firms whose reputations for commercial decency are backed by years of experience with them. Along comes a crook with a preparation made of rat poison. Immediately the guinea-piggers not only condemn this product, which they should do, but they condemn the whole conception of trade-marking and advertising.

It is obvious that this business could not exist without advertising. Before manufacturers realized the advantages to them of calling their wares to the attention of the public in brilliant flashes, women did not know what was available for them. Whatever cosmetics existed were beyond their purchasing power—except talcum powder and a few brands of cold cream. It was not until advertising opened the way that mass production and mass distribution came to the aid of American womanhood—and along with them research and laboratory skill. Of course some fellows did not play the game; some never do. But, by and large, this industry did its job honestly and conscientiously and filled a great longing in the feminine heart. The American woman began to compete with the queens of the earth.

This industry set up rules through its association which may serve as a model for other industries. Let me quote them:

“This Declaration of Principles is approved and adopted by the Association for the purpose of standardizing rules of conduct for those engaged in the business of manufacturing and selling toilet preparations.

“1. To consider our business as worthy and legitimate and as affording us a distinct opportunity to serve the public. . . .

“2. To submit no copy for advertising purposes which offends truth, decency, or propriety, and to avoid scrupulously all overstatements or misrepresentations of any kind in advertising or personal salesmanship. . . .

“7. To take no advantage of the ignorance of customers or allow employees or salesmen to do so, and to refrain from, and discourage, statements which discredit a competitor's product or act in any other way detrimental to the general interests of the business of our industry. . . .

“11. To not misbrand the products which we manufacture as regards the materials or ingredients of which they are composed, their quality or method or place of manufacture or origin.”

There is another phase of this problem of well-being which should be discussed at this point. We are silent about many things because they seem too personal, too private. They affect each individual—perhaps unpleasantly—and yet nobody says anything about it.

There is a story in Japan that a Japanese geisha girl fainted at a restaurant where she was called to attend some Europeans. They smelled to her like goats and the odor was so overpowering that she passed out. We white folks don't realize that to Orientals *we* smell like goats. We say: “It's garlic. It's the food they eat.” But that is only a small part of the story. After all, many of us eat onions and garlic, but we take things for it. We use Listerine or Lavoris or Pepsodent or Zonite or chew gum to get rid of the *pastrami* odor.

EVEN so, we must recognize that human beings often give off unpleasant odors. The breath, the armpit, the sweat glands all contribute to our misery. But who would say anything about it?

Then Listerine began its *Halitosis* campaign. And immediately the gag writers made a joke of it. But halitosis is no joke. There is no excuse for any one to impose a foul breath upon his fellow men. If he finds he is doing so, there is an advertised product available for him—a good mouth wash, Life Savers, Chasers, chewing gum, cough drops—all sorts of things.

We used to smile when we were told that boy met girl, but one of them knocked the other out with a breath that took the romance out of a kiss. But you and I know that that is no laughing matter, because it happens.

No matter whether you prefer one or another breath purifier, you have to admit that Listerine did a good job for American men and women when it made them breath-conscious. And the same thing is true of Mum and Odorono and Nonspi and Dew and Arrid and other deodorants which either stop or reduce perspiration—or which take the smell out of it. We never thought about this until advertising made us odor-conscious.

Let me tell you the story of Odorono. There was a surgeon in Cincinnati who perspired to such a degree that his instruments slipped out of his hands. Not only was he unpleasantly affected by perspiration but his professional career was at stake. His mind played upon the idea of a medication which would help him. He tried a chemical combination which worked miraculously. He told other surgeons and friends about it—they used it and found it satisfactory. The doctor set up no business; he did not manufacture; he did not advertise. The world did not have the benefit of his cure.

His daughter, who is now Mrs. Ezra Winter—a brilliant girl, an artist and a keen business woman—saw no reason why her father's knowledge should not be made available to mankind. She got a prescription and set to work in the family kitchen bottling Odorono. She sold it to friends and neighbors. She made her own labels, and the product was sold from door to door. Having earned a small sum of money this way, she began advertising in magazines. This made available a product that women had craved for ages.

Now, like the orange and tomato I wrote about in earlier articles, this particular chemical and others like it had been available to any one who wanted it. But no one thought of making it available to mankind until a smart

woman turned to advertising. "Do you want to be a wallflower or a Queen Rose?" she asked. And millions of women responded by buying her deodorant or the others which, by the laws of competition, came on the market. Mrs. Winter did not create a need; she advertised an answer to what every woman—and if the truth must be told every man—needed. Advertising in this manner sweetened the American environment. And everybody who has ever traveled in railroad cars abroad knows that what I say is absolutely true.

And then there was that unmentionable of unmentionables, the sanitary napkin. How do you tell women that at long last Kotex, Modess, Tampax have arrived? For who knows how many thousands of years, women have been grappling with this problem, and no one had ever found a practical and sensible solution. A nuisance in every household, a deep mysterious problem to every young girl, a thing tabooed, it needed to be made sensible and simple to deal with. And advertising did it.

Let me tell you that story:

Kotex started practically as a war product. Cellucotton, which is not cotton, was made primarily to provide bandages for the army. When the war was over, the producers found themselves with plant equipment, materials, workers—but with no market for their product.

It was at that moment that the idea came to the manufacturer that he could create a market for the use of his product among the women of the country. The germ of the idea was the fact that war nurses had found special use for this particular absorbent during the war.

Well, there was no real experience to back up the product. In 1920 it was a cumbersome, difficult-to-handle square-cornered block 3½ by 9 inches and it sold at sixty-five cents per box. It was advertised—and that was a problem all in itself, because of Victorian prudery. By 1927 the ends were rounded, bulges were eliminated—the product was made more comfortable. By 1930 the sides were rounded; fewer plies of Cellucotton were used. Experience had proved that, to prevent chafing, the sides had to be kept dry. By 1932 the ends were pressed by a patented process to make Kotex altogether inconspicuous. The next year the equalizer strip was put in. This gave continuous protection without roping or binding.

In 1934 Wondersoft Kotex was developed. The edges were cotton-cushioned to safeguard against rubbing; yet there is no cotton where there might be moisture. There can also be no fraying or the crumbling of wadding.

Here, then, is the evolution of a commodity of comfort, health, safety, and peace of mind which came into use entirely through advertising. A nation was educated to a new habit of personal hygiene. It was made easier for women to work. Six hundred women served as a testing board to make the product satisfactory to seven million users.

At first women were ashamed to ask for Kotex. The idea of having the package ready-wrapped in the store came to the rescue—so the girls would take it off the shelf. Today Kotex or Modess or Tampax or any other brand is asked for by name by an increasingly large number of women. No one gives it a second thought.

This product started with an idea. Through advertising, mass distribution was quickly achieved. By experimentation the article was constantly improved. Competition through advertising quickly entered the field; mass production brought the price down. In 1920 an inferior Kotex—but the best they knew how to make then—cost sixty-five cents a package. Today a vastly improved Kotex costs twenty cents a package. The sale of this product through advertising made it possible for the price to come down. Advertising actually cost the public nothing because of the huge savings in reduced price.

I challenge any one to show how this miracle could have been wrought by any other process than advertising. In 1919 Kotex came upon this earth; today it is used wherever women read advertisements. And today other manufacturers make similar products, such as Modess and Tampax; for, by the eternal capitalistic law, the

moment a product creates a market, competing products appear. And there also developed special deodorant powders, such as Amolin and Quest. Often such products compete on a price basis, or there is a quality factor, or perhaps there is an improvement on the original.

And all these products try to prove that each one is the best product—and the pressure of advertising forces each company to try to make its product more suitable to its particular market. That is an immutable law of merchandising through advertising.

There is a final phase to this problem of lift, of well-being. It is stated in one simple word: *trim*.

The American woman dresses in tone. Her clothes are trim. She does not wear an evening dress with walking shoes. She does not wear a tweed coat and carry an evening bag. Her accessories fit her garment, her hat is part of an ensemble. She is trim.

But what about her nails? A woman's hands can be her glory or her shame. The care of the hands has become an American cult; it is part of the ideal of *trim*.

Clean women—and men too—always pared their nails and kept them clean. But it was not until Northam Warren came upon the scene with Cutex that we really got at the trim of the nail. His advertisements made us look at our fingernails. We wondered why we had neglected the most conspicuous part of our bodies.

Today there are similar products, Glazo, La Cross, Revlon, and I suppose many more. The "guinea-pig book" writers say, "Why

buy these advertised brands?" The answer is, of course, convenience and reliability. Anything that makes shopping easier, any package that looks better on your dresser, anything that is trade-marked so that you know who makes it and so that you can compare notes with your friends—is to your advantage. Why buy anonymous junk?

And so we come to the controversial subject in this discussion—the teeth. When we discuss lipsticks, for instance, nobody really gets into a stew over whether you use Tangee or Max Factor or Lady Esther or Coty—or any of a large number of reliable brands. Or if you choose among toilet soaps Palmolive or Lux or Camay or Cashmere Bouquet or Woodbury's the guinea-piggers might have an opinion but they will not go wild over you.

However, when it comes to tooth pastes or tooth powders, they want you to use salt or to make your own. It can be done, but who wants to be bothered? And who wants the flavor of raw salt in her mouth the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night?

There are lots of tooth pastes and powders on the market—Colgate, Ipana, Squibb, Pepsodent, Listerine, Forhan's, Iodent among the pastes, and Dr. Lyon's, Pebeco, and Calox among the powders—and all of them advertise. Essentially, they clean your teeth and keep them naturally white. One has one flavor, another a different one. But what the pastes and powders have done by advertising is that they have made us teeth-conscious. We no longer see a woman dressed up like a princess and looking like a rose—until she opened her mouth, only to show discolored ugly teeth. Advertising shamed us into brushing our teeth. But it did more than that: it drove us to the dentist.

If living up to the Joneses is an American habit, keeping your teeth trim is its strongest manifestation. All the preaching of doctors and instructors of school-teachers and social workers could not do what advertising did to force Americans to take their teeth seriously.

And so here I must end my story of the American woman, the most glamorous of all women. I could go on and on with this particular subject, because it knows no end.

Beauty, trim, swank, the joy of living, a sense of well-being, every girl a queen—these are the ideals of the American woman. Realizable ideals, these—because advertising has made available to every woman in the country the tools she needs to make her personality what she wants it to be.

THE END

OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH



Recently discovered in an old album, and perhaps one of the earliest attempts at candid photography, is this old print of the Founding Fathers, who are just beginning to learn that taxation *with* representation is no good either.



Snapped through an open window by an alert neighbor, this photo shows Mrs. Daniel Van Deusen and her two camera-minded children in a surprise attempt to capture first place in a current snapshot contest.



That too much of a good thing can have dire consequences is shown in this photo of Albert Obst, Long Island motorist, whose windshield, police discovered, was completely covered up with Safety First stickers.



Even in the city, man's best friend is his dog. Above, an apartment-house dweller combines pleasure with healthful exercise while taking his Great Dane for a stroll around the block.

'Round the World for a Picture!

A 40,000-mile background decorates Mr. March's pursuit of a lovely lady . . . A 1930 thriller seeks favor again

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ TRADE WINDS

3 stars predicted. Authentic backgrounds filmed on a trip around the globe for a melodramatic chase of a pretty girl fugitive from justice.

DIRECTOR TAY GARNETT, aboard his forty-year-old yacht Athene, pushed out of San Pedro harbor in quest of adventure November 24, 1936. He carried Mrs. Garnett, a good-sized crew, cameramen, and a complete film laboratory on board his 105-foot single-sticker, which had been built as a cup challenger to compete with Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock. Hard by the Laccadive Islands, off the Indian coast, Garnett hit upon the idea for Trade Winds. After rounding the globe and covering some 40,000 miles, he returned fourteen months later.

The story—maybe not an inspired one, but a good serviceable plot—was built to utilize the novel backgrounds Garnett picked up with his cameras. It is the yarn of a relentless master-mind detective (Fredric March) on the trail of a pretty fugitive from justice (Joan Bennett). There is the usual obtuse, heavy-footed dick, otherwise Ralph Bellamy.

If Garnett manages to catch some of the adventure he encountered on his trip, Trade Winds may be pleasant entertainment. The Athene hit a nightmare gale in the Pacific, the cameramen filmed geishas in Japanese teahouses, pictured the celebrated Raffles Hotel and the famous race track in Singapore, caught the orchid gardens of Ceylon.

The actors didn't make the trip, of course. Their work was done in Hollywood, sandwiched in with Garnett's authentic atmosphere shots. March ought to make a suave detective. The usually golden-haired Joan Bennett is a brunette for a large part of the picture. It's part of her disguise to dodge the police. Also—whisper—she briefly wears a pareu, which is Laccadive for sarong. Another item of interest is a personable king cobra, loaned by herpetologist Grace Olive Wiley.

Produced by United Artists.

★ ★ ★ DAWN PATROL

3 stars predicted. Remember the kick you got out of the orig-

Amorous sleuth Fredric March and brunetted Joan Bennett in Trade Winds.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, December 21. The winner will be announced in the issue of January 21.

inal version eight years ago? This is the same war yarn, with a brand-new cast and bigger and better plane crashes.

THE Warners feel pretty sure of this film. The original version—a real thriller—was a huge money-maker. Why shouldn't it repeat? they ask. But you never can tell.

You can imagine the Warners' restraint when you learn that they didn't even add a woman to the story. There were no women in the picture

when it was made before; there are none now. But the producers believe they have improved the flying sequences when Nieuports and Fokkers fight it out again in the clouds over Burbank.

The studio bought ten Nieuports of war vintage, crashed most of them for the film. Special machine guns were made in the studio shops. Some of these run by compressed air, like a pneumatic drill, and shoot cork "bullets." The others operate by gasoline; shoot a blue flame for night sequences.

The cast is British, which is fair enough, for the story is of the Royal Flying Corps. Errol Flynn has the role done in 1930 by Dick Barthelmess (why isn't he in pictures now?), David Niven is in the Doug Fairbanks, Jr., part, and Basil Rathbone plays the Neil Hamilton role. Even the director, Edmund Goulding, is English. Watch Niven. This film may make him. It's his big chance. Born in Scotland, he was graduated from the Royal Military Academy.

Also playing one of the aviators is Michael Brooke, ex-Earl of Warwick. Produced by Warner Brothers.

★ ★ ½ SAY IT IN FRENCH

2½ stars predicted. A cute little star, a story that may or may not jell. It all depends upon how it's told.

OLYMPE (pronounced O-lamp) Bradna, a star at eighteen, could happen only in Hollywood. She was born backstage at a Paris music hall, Mama Bradna pausing in her trained-dog act on the bill for the event. Papa Bradna still was in service for La Belle France. O-lamp grew up in circus wagons, crossing and recrossing Europe. In time she became a specialty dancer, came to New York to appear at the Casino de Paris. Presto—a screen scout signed her. So the little girl, who can trace her ancestry back to the wandering warriors who came down from the north plains of Russia a thousand years ago to settle on the shores of the Danube, has been groomed steadily for stardom. She was first seen in The Last Train from Madrid.

In August, O-Lamp became eighteen and her own boss. Mama had been on guard up to that. You have heard





WHO deserves this fine gift?

Men who value comfort and appearance are candidates for Rolls Razors — husbands, fathers and young shavers; favorite uncles and popular cousins; business acquaintances; young women's young men. Millions of men think enough of this razor to have bought it for themselves, but more millions haven't gotten

around to it—yet. Christmas is *your* chance! Rolls Razor is the *one blade* safety razor. The blade is of hand-forged, hollow-ground Sheffield steel. A semi-automatic strop and hone keep it in "first day" shape for thousands of shaves. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the many advantages of Rolls Razors.

\$10 (de luxe gift models up to **\$50**)
Shaving bowls, sticks, **\$1**. Refills, **60¢**

Write today for colored gift catalog **L12**.
Rolls Razor, Inc., 305 E. 45th St., New York

ROLLS RAZOR



Remember

The work of

The Salvation Army

For the poor and needy at this

Christmas = Time

Remember

The services of The Salvation Army every day of the year

Remember

The Salvation Army In Your Will!

Donations may be sent to or information secured from

COMMISSIONER EDWARD J. PARKER
National Secretary

122 West 14th Street, New York City

that she never had been kissed up to the August birthday. O-Lamp told Beverly Hills it wasn't so last summer. "Just the publicity," she pouted. Anyway, she is kissed twenty-seven times in Say It in French, unless the cutters have trimmed out some of the osculation.

Ray Milland is on the receiving end or vice versa. Ray is the handsome Welshman who got off a tramp steamer at San Pedro to sell books in Hollywood. In no time at all he was doing a bit in Bolero with George Raft. And now he's kissing O-Lamp.

The story? A young aristocrat brings home a little secret Parisian

The weekly \$10 prize for reviews covered in the November 5 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Richard W. Wharton, 2109 Austin, Houston, Texas, for his review of Suez.

bride. He finds that papa faces ruin, that he is expected to wed a millionaire's granddaughter. So the bride has to pose as a housemaid in her husband's tottering but palatial home. All of which sounds slender, but it is by Jacques Deval, who wrote Tovarich. Anyway, there's O-Lamp and twenty-seven—count 'em—kisses.

Produced by Paramount.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

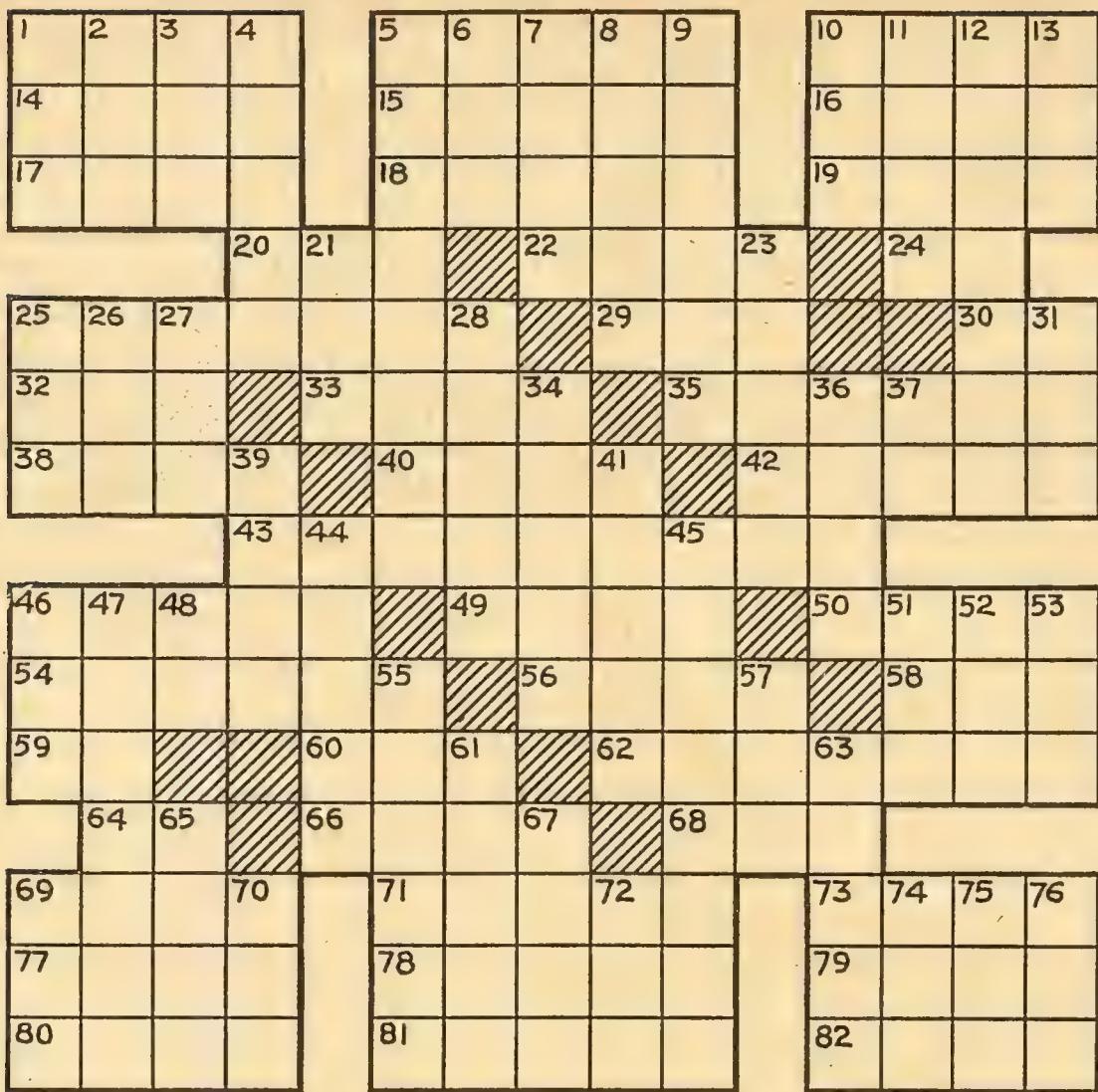
The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4,—), Suez (3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes (3½,—), Four Daughters, Alexander's Ragtime Band.

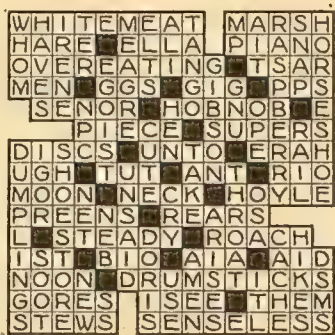
★★★—Out West with the Hardys (3,—), Submarine Patrol (3,—), Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, Angels with Dirty Faces (3½,—), The Shining Hour, Sixty Glamorous Years (3,—), The Cowboy and the Lady (3,—), Gangster's Boy (3, 3), Brother Rat (3,—), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Is sick
- 5 Shut up
- 10 Chore
- 14 Discontinue
- 15 Void of sense
- 16 Mellow
- 17 Woman's name (abbr.)
- 18 South American measure of length (pl.)
- 19 State of bliss
- 20 Rumanian monetary unit (pl.)
- 22 Agitate
- 24 Spanish definite article
- 25 Written challenges to combat
- 29 Compass point
- 30 Symbol in chemistry
- 32 Hasten
- 33 Eggs of a parasitic insect
- 35 To meddle
- 38 Notion
- 40 Ardent interest
- 42 Wharves
- 43 Most pleasing
- 46 Cardinal number
- 49 Line of juncture
- 50 Woman's name
- 54 Cooks
- 56 Protuberance of a lopped-off branch
- 58 Old money of account
- 59 Printer's measure
- 60 Pronoun (poss.)
- 62 Change of one word into another by transposing letters



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 64 Exist
- 66 A song
- 68 Always
- 69 Premium for exchange
- 71 A heron
- 73 Fastening device
- 77 Make oneself trim
- 78 Aromatic seed
- 79 Hideous
- 80 Perennial plant
- 81 Men
- 82 A kind of fish

VERTICAL

- 1 Request
- 2 A Negrito of the Philippines (var.)
- 3 A plot of ground
- 4 A kind of wheat
- 5 Reclaim from a barbarous state
- 6 Coin of India (var.)
- 7 Kind of fish (pl.)
- 8 Growing out
- 9 To stop
- 10 Prefix: town (Cornish)
- 11 Assistant to a military officer
- 12 Zinc
- 13 Knowledge
- 21 Even (poetic)
- 23 Gathers
- 25 A Greek letter
- 26 To give assistance
- 27 Female ruff
- 28 Causes to remain after being marked for omission
- 31 Areas of 100 square meters
- 34 Satisfies to repletion
- 36 One twentieth of a grain
- 37 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
- 39 Mimics
- 41 Climbing plant
- 44 Plural of rete
- 45 Issue forth
- 46 Three (Italian)
- 47 One of the homage of a manor
- 48 Egyptian deity
- 51 And not
- 52 Man's name
- 53 Obstruct
- 55 Small river
- 57 Festive
- 61 Signs substituted for signatures
- 63 Class, as of animals
- 65 Mud
- 67 Seed covering
- 69 Appropriate
- 70 A weight of Turkey
- 72 Suffix: native of
- 74 Past
- 75 Evil
- 76 A lixivium

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES



CROSSWORD LEXICON

This Winter's Outstanding Game

There's endless variety and good fun in this sensational Crossword Card Game, which has become "The Rage of Two Continents!" 2 to 7 players — or solitaire. Double the fun for large groups with TWO PACKS. Crisp TWO-COLOR cards with letters and scoring numbers. Single Pack, 50c — Double Pack, Gold Box, \$1.00.



PEG CHOW AND TELKA

PEG CHOW (Parker Brothers' Chinese Checkers) and TELKA, a still more exciting game, are both played on this board. TELKA is a jumping and capturing game unsurpassed for 2 or 4 players, and unequalled as a partnership game for 4. We especially recommend TELKA. Standard Edition, \$1.50 — Junior Edition, \$1.00.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



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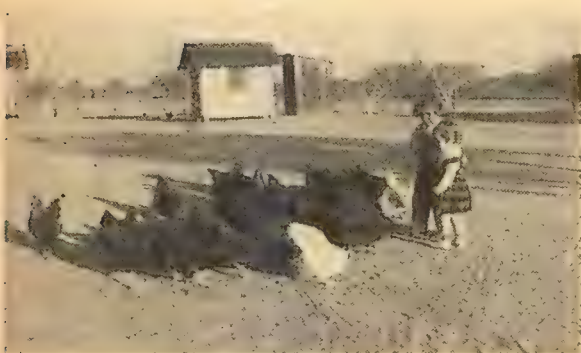
Including beautiful Map and Views of New York City
Write for Folder "L" \$2.50
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FIRST PRIZE
by Lieutenant F. H. Griswold
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by Mrs. J. E. Haist
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SEND YOUR ENTRY THIS WEEK!

YOU still have a fine chance to win one of the prizes in Liberty's international amateur snapshot competition. If you are not already familiar with the brief rules, read them now. Then turn your camera toward a prize-winning scene. That's how the twenty-seven winners of the first week's prizes got into the money. You can do the same thing just as easily. You can win this week, and again in each of the following three weeks. Quality of photography is not paramount. Human interest is the quality to seek, and you can find such scenes in or about any home anywhere. Make up your mind right now to try for one of this week's awards. The deadline is Tuesday, December 27. Send in as many prints as you wish. Mark each one plainly on the back.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award \$200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.
2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached. Send no negatives until requested.
4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.
5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.
7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of \$50. The Second Prize of \$25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of \$5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of \$100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

CONFUSION'S CURSE—

The Tangle of the Law

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN the case of Tammany leader Hines, District Attorney Dewey's witness testified that Hines had agreed to furnish police protection to racketeers for a weekly payment out of the "racket money." Clearly, this evidence, if believed, pointed to a violation of the penal statute that made it a crime to undertake to obstruct justice.

But the state indicted and tried Hines, not as an obstructor of justice, but as one of the operators of the "policy racket," even at the risk of having the defense objections to the indictment sustained.

The reason for this was none too obscure.

If Hines was tried as a conspirator, everything that every other racketeer engaged in connection with the policy racket said and did in the course of the conspiracy could be used as evidence against Hines; but, under the rules, if Hines was indicted for obstructing justice, such testimony would not be admissible.

Because of the tangled mass which is the law, a conscientious public official was forced to resort to technicalities and stratagems.

Why should these things be? How did this mass get so tangled?

Well, it may help if we look first at what has happened in the development of one branch of the law with which we are all more or less familiar—the traffic law.

Men, women, and children walk up and down a village lane. Each gives way to others and thus avoids collision and controversy. Then some village swain acquires a horse and buggy and rudely begins to ride the pedestrians down.

The pedestrians then get together and adopt an ordinance limiting the speed at which buggy riders may drive, requiring them to keep to the right, etc. From now on, a breach of what once were mere rules of good manners, enforced by social opinion, become a violation of ordinance with the penalty of fine or imprisonment.

Later comes the age of the automobile. Now the buggy drivers join with the pedestrians in changing the laws which sufficed in the horse-and-buggy age.

Ultimately the motorcar drivers become a majority. They impose



A dismaying survey of conflicts, delays, and rule
from covered-wagon days . . and a suggested cure

BY PERCIVAL E. JACKSON

Member New York Bar. Special Assistant to Attorney General, New York State, 1930; to U. S. Attorney General, 1934. Attorney to U. S. Senate Special Committee to Investigate Receiverships, etc., 1936. Member New York City, State, and American Bar Associations.

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Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

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HERE ARE MORE WINNERS IN LIBERTY'S \$2,000 STARGAZING CONTEST

(Continued from Nov. 19 issue)

Marge MacLeay, Sandusky, Ohio; Philip Mansfield, Washington, D. C.; Charles McCormack, Queens Village, N. Y.; Guilla W. McFarland, Wickliffe, Ohio; Maude L. McLaughlin, Milford, Ind.; Agnes B. Merrill, Auburn, Me.; Elise A. Meyer, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. James W. Mitchell, Martins Ferry, Ohio; Milly Lou Mobley, Honolulu, T. H.; Genevieve Monahan, Spokane, Wash.; Lillie May Moore, Louisville, Ky.; Margaret M. Morales, Tampa, Fla.; Louise H. Moran, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. W. R. Mosley, Tulsa, Okla.; Frances A. Mueller, Malverne, N. Y.; Mrs. G. P. Mursinna, Cincinnati, Ohio; Bertha H. Mussen, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Mrs. F. S. Naiden, Marshalltown, Ia.; Myrtle Newby, Holidays Cove, W. Va.; William J. O'Brien, New Britain, Conn.; Harry E. Oswald, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Marie R. Paul, Springfield, Mass.; Elsie H. Pereny, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Povilan, Nashua, N. H.; Herman R. Preiss, Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. Eugene Ramos, New York, N. Y.; Stanley Rayon, Beaumont, Tex.; Mae Redfield, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Austin E. Reed, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Matthew J. Reiley, Johnston, R. I.; Elsie Reinhard, Cleveland, Ohio; Armand J. Reixach, Chevy Chase, Md.; Celia T. Ricker, North Chicago, Ill.; Charlotte Roadley, Washington, D. C.; Elsie J. Robinson, Sacramento, Calif.; Clara Russell, Salt Lake City, Utah; George Rutherford, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. John W. Ruzicka, Glen Ellyn, Ill.; Pearle Salisbury, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Clara Ann Sand, Grand Forks, N. D.; Agnes D. Sanford, Chino, Calif.; Mrs. S. Saunders, Elyria, Ohio; Lena Schenck, New Orleans, La.; Esther Schnell, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Fred Schreiber, Des Moines, Ia.; Emma Schutte, Silver City, N. M.; Sally Scott, Denver, Colo.; Nell G. Seay, Old Hickory, Tenn.; Lee Sempel, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. M. F. Sessions, Chattanooga, Tenn.; William E. Severe, Pikesville, Md.; Katherine Shannon, Douglas, Wyo.; Vivian E. Shaw, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Vernon Shearer, Jr., Decatur, Ga.; Irene Shields, Dedham, Mass.; Nora A. Shoemaker, Canajoharie, N. Y.; Eleanor Shriver, Marshfield, Ore.; Emilia R. Simmons, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. C. J. Sinnitt, Spokane, Wash.; Fannie Sleet, Fort Mitchell, Ky.; J. William Smith, Richmond, Va.; Hilda J. Smith, St. Paul, Minn.; Ormond Spence, Buffalo, N. Y.; Harold F. Spiry, Java, S. D.; Stella Stafford, Walla Walla, Wash.; Stella Stahl, Lakewood, Ohio; Pfc. Jack C. Stewart, Fort Ringgold, Tex.

(To be continued in an early issue)

their will on the pedestrians, who are now restrained. Those who stroll when and where they will themselves become the nuisances, the lawbreakers.

The moment people begin to feel that a violation of customary rules—of good taste or of good manners—harms the community, they begin to say, "There ought to be a law." And there is. But seldom does anybody bother to repeal the old one. The result is that we have so much law that even judges and lawyers cannot keep track of it.

Reading the "Wanted" notices in your local post office, you will find alongside the notice

WANTED FOR MURDER!

LUKE MCLUKE

another poster enjoining you to

GET A STAMP BEFORE
YOU SHOOT

At first blush you may wonder if, when the government catches Luke, they're going to charge him with failure to buy a stamp before he let his victim have it. It's not until you make inquiry that you learn that since the government found that even ex-Justice Van Devanter of the United States Supreme Court did not know that he had to have a stamp on his hunting permit from the Department of Agriculture when he went out shooting wild ducks, the authorities had decided that they had better instruct common citizens in this little known addition to our laws.

NOT only is there altogether too much law but there is far too much bad law. In our legislatures bills are introduced and referred to committees. There they languish until the dawn of adjournment day, when they are reported out and voted upon in such profusion and confusion that needed measures are forgotten while joker bills are slipped through.

A large number of incomprehensible laws thus find their way into the statute books. A New Jersey legislature passed a "Fair Trade Act" of which one paragraph, containing only thirty-five words, was such a jumble that a New Jersey vice-chancellor confessed his utter inability to construe the statute.

Each of our states has its own legislature which makes the statutory laws for its own state. In spite of efforts to make these laws uniform, they differ mightily. This confusion of legal tongues makes even good law a most uncertain quantity for the litigant. Furthermore, the variance between judges, not only in the same state but in the same case, demonstrates that the law is only an inexact science—if a science at all.

There have been many and many examples of the law's delay as appalling as that immortalized by Dickens in Bleak House. In 1827 a dispute occurred concerning \$1,200 which had been put in the hands of an English stockholder. By 1882 the fund had grown to \$15,000. But that was the

only thing that had progressed. All the parties to the suit were long since dead; all the lawyers, and there were many of them, who had figured in the case were dead; all judges, except one, who had ever made a decree in the case were dead, and that one venerable man was long since off the bench; all the clerks who had ever recorded decrees and all the commissioners who had made reports were dead. The very courthouse in which the case had been originally heard had been pulled down and a new one had been built on the old site.

By reason of the deaths, the case had long since lost its original name; by reason of delay and neglect, it had been taken off the docket and forgotten until it was later revived by a descendant of one of the original parties, who learned of the existence of the fund by accident and finally secured its distribution.

FAIR dealing requires that everything that is done be done on notice to all parties, and then only after hearing. The result is a pattern of notice and hearing, hearing and notice, that consumes time. The processes of a trial are also slow, and after the trial come appeals.

Often, due to their training, lawyers are disposed to be easygoing and even slothful. Besides, time spent is one of the elements that go to make up their bills. Trial lawyers, charging so much a day, can hardly be expected to speed up a case.

Judicial patience is also a virtue that readily becomes a vice. Overpatient judges—and lazy judges too—invite and give lawyers time to prepare endless factual and legal arguments in affidavits and briefs, and then take an endless time to read and deliberate upon them. There are also judges so incompetent that, when their cases are appealed, the result is almost a foregone conclusion.

Were the best possible men selected, it would be difficult enough to satisfy the onerous demands made upon the competent and conscientious judge. When, however, men are selected at political random, they are bound to have defects not only of training and experience but of knowledge and temperament.

Yet a lawyer, however able, must be politically fortunate if he would successfully aspire to the bench. It might be thought that the late Mr. Justice Cardozo would be an exception to this rule, but he is quoted as having said of his first campaign for a judgeship: "I would never have been elected had I not received the support of a group of Italian-Americans who voted for me on the supposition that since my name ended in 'o' I was one of their own race."

Though the same treatment for your case as for your neighbor's is a requisite of justice, it does not follow that you must be dealt with as was your remote ancestor two hundred years ago. Yet harsh rules dating from bygone centuries have been adhered to by our judges, even to the

point of strictly interpreting liberalizing statutes which have attempted to avoid them.

Notwithstanding all this, there is nothing the matter with the law that lawyers, if they stop sacrificing their manhood to Mammon, cannot cure! The American Bar Association has recommended a form of pledge which all lawyers should sign, and the American people have the right to demand that all lawyers not only sign but *keep* it:

"I do solemnly swear:

"I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of _____;

"I will maintain the respect due to courts of justice and judicial officers;

"I will not counsel or maintain any suit or proceeding which shall appear

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

The Future of the Jews By H. G. Wells

WARMER TONIGHT

A Novel of a Girl with a Frozen Heart

BY BRENDA UELAND

WHAT THE DIES COMMITTEE OVERLOOKED

Startling revelations of Communist activities in the U. S. A.

Other stories and articles by LEONA DALRYMPLE, SENATOR HARRY FLOOD BYRD, YANKEE STADE, SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S MOTHER, GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY, and others

to me to be unjust, nor any defense except such as I believe to be honestly debatable under the law of the land;

"I will employ for the purpose of maintaining the causes confided to me such means only as are consistent with truth and honor, and will never seek to mislead the judge or jury by any artifice or false statement; . . .

"I will maintain the confidence and preserve inviolate the secrets of my client, and will accept no compensation in connection with his business except from him or with his knowledge and approval;

"I will abstain from all offensive personalities, and advance no fact prejudicial to the honor or reputation of a party or witness, unless required by the justice of the cause with which I am charged;

"I will never reject, from any consideration personal to myself, the cause of the defenseless or oppressed, or delay any man's cause for lucre or malice.

"So help me God!"

THE END

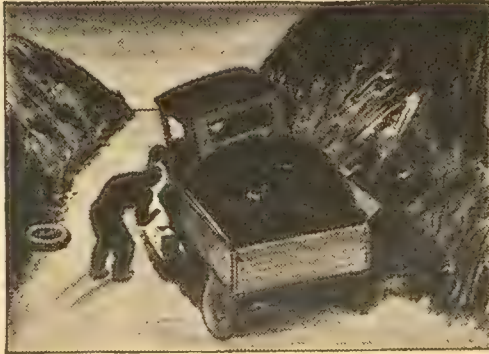
TRAPPED IN THE PATH OF BLIND DEATH!



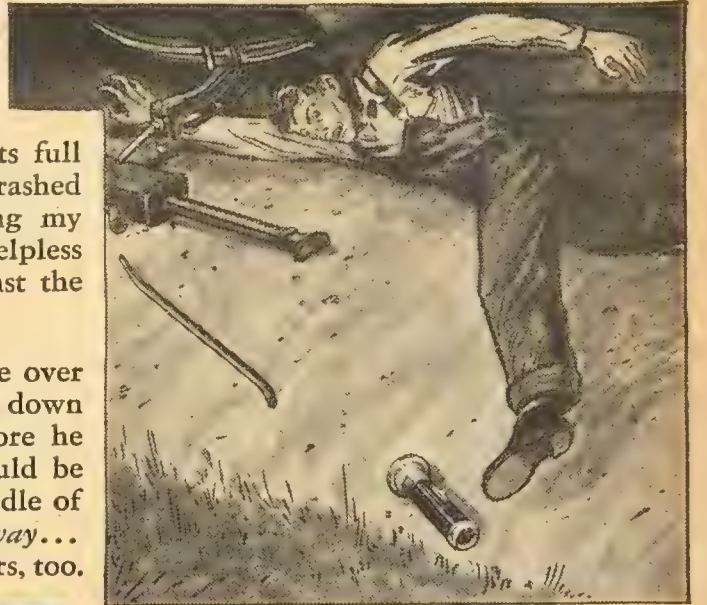
JALMER KRAPU

North Dakota Farmer Faces Doom, Pinned Beneath Disabled Truck

① "I was coming home from town one night with a load of coal on my farm truck," writes Jalmer Krapu, of La Moure, N. D., "when, a few feet from the top of a steep hill, a front wheel came off.

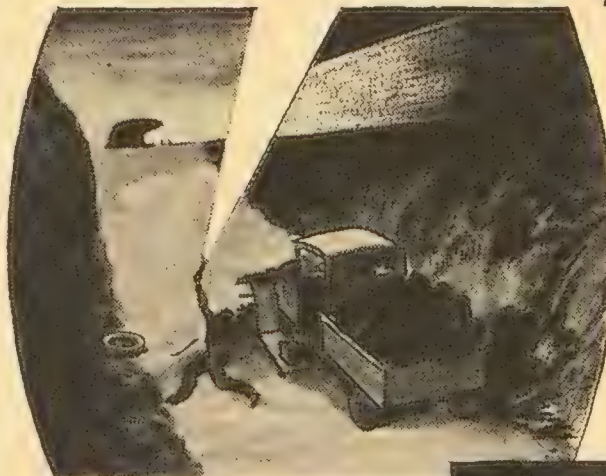


② "In the tool box, I found an old flashlight I hadn't used for months and was surprised to find it gave a strong light. I got out the jack and some other tools, then carefully put out the light to save the juice till I needed it more, and laid the flashlight on the road. My headlights ran on the magneto and so had gone out when I stopped.



③ "I had the jack almost to its full height when it slipped, the axle crashed down to the road again pinning my arm beneath it. As I lay there helpless in the dark with my head against the road, I heard a car coming.

"In a few seconds he would be over the crest of the hill and roaring down on me. I *had* to warn him before he reached the hill top... or it would be too late! I was square in the middle of the road, and *death was on its way*... certainly for me, perhaps for others, too.



④ "I thought of the flashlight lying there on the road... but I couldn't reach it! I stretched out toward it as far as I could, managed to touch it with the toe of one foot. I thought my arm under that axle would break as I strained for the light and finally kicked it to where I could reach it with my left hand, snap on the light and wave it above the crest of the hill to warn the approaching driver.

⑤ "Those *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries rescued me from as desperate a trap as a man could be caught in. Thanks only to them I got off with only a lame arm when my number seemed to be up.

(Signed) *Jalmer Krapu*



FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48

- 1—Georges Clemenceau.
- 2—Usually thirty-six, occasionally thirty-eight.
- 3—The Pueblos.
- 4—Tobacco.
- 5—Three thousand ducats.
- 6—Yes, and it is named for Thomas Brooke, big landowner of colonial days.
- 7—Susabella.
- 8—Paul, 2 Corinthians 11:25—"Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck."
- 9—Bones.
- 10—Harping.
- 11—An amendment to deprive a state (without

its consent) of the right to two senators in the Senate.

- 12—Kansas—at Fort Riley.
- 13—Helen Hunt Jackson.
- 14—Portuguese; Portugal.
- 15—One hundred and two.
- 16—The matador ("killer" in Spanish).
- 17—Blue.
- 18—Napoleon.
- 19—Of the Magna Charta.
- 20—

Fredie March

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Statistician Gives Hugh Fullerton Cold Facts

COLLEGE STATION, TEX.—In defense of the many fine football players who were slighted in the article, *An All-American to End All-American Teams*, by Hugh Fullerton (October 29 Liberty), may I, as statistician of the Southwest Athletic Conference, offer a few official facts concerning the statements made by Mr. Fullerton in his article?

Of course I understand that a difference of opinion is what causes wars and wagering on horse races; but being Conference statistician, my statements are based on cold facts and not on what I read in the sports pages or get by word of mouth.

In the first place, Ernie Lain of Rice was not conceded the best man in the Southwest Conference last year. Dick Todd of the Texas Aggies was a unanimous choice for the All-Conference team on the selections of the Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, and Southwest Sports Magazine, the latter giving each of the eleven players named a wrist watch valued at \$59.50. Lain was not named to any of the first teams of those selectors.

Billy Patterson of Baylor was named as the most valuable player in the Conference by sports writers and awarded the annual trophy of the Houston Post, the morning newspaper in the city where Lain plays his home games. Todd was second to Patterson in that vote, but Patterson failed to place on all of the All-Conference teams Todd made.

I will not deal with other sections of the country other than to mention in passing that I note Fullerton says, "'Biggie' Goldberg . . . has been near the top for two years." If memory serves, Goldberg was named twice in succession to Collier's All-America Team, and also landed on your own All-Players All-America Team, or at least received mention in your publication.

But back to the Southwest Conference. Fullerton says, "'Paddlefoot' Sloan of Arkansas will have much support if he is advanced as a candidate for the highest honors, but he may be canceled because of the minor character of the opposition. He was the leading ground gainer last year and completed half of the passes he threw."

In the first place, Dwight (Paddlefoot) Sloan graduated last June and therefore cannot be advanced as a candidate. In the second place, Arkansas is a member of the Southwest Athletic Conference, and as such is meeting all of the other six Conference teams, including Rice Institute, which Fullerton apparently rates high enough to have the "Whizzer" White of 1938. They also meet undefeated Santa Clara. In the third place, official figures show Sloan was not the leading ground gainer.

In the next column Fullerton says, "Southern Methodist has the great Jack Morrison and is ready to back him against the world."

Jack was a fine player while in college but, like Sloan, completed his college football career last June. As a junior he did receive some mention for second and third All-Conference teams, but last year, when Fullerton evidently gathered his data, Morrison did not land on a single selection, including the Uncle Jake Sports News, a Dallas weekly sports sheet owned by the father of the sports publicity director of Southern Methodist University.

Next, Texas Christian does have Davy O'Brien but not Spud Davis. They do have Spud Taylor but University of Texas has Davis; however, his name is not Spud, it is Gilly.

Lain's weight is not 232, according to rosters issued by the school, but is 222.

I realize that the article was written before the football season opened, but here is Lain's record for the games played through October 22:

Net yards gained rushing on 43 tries, 61. Average net yards per carry, 1.42. Average punt distance, 28 yards.

Forward passes attempted, 56. Forward passes completed, 25. % of completion, .446.

And to top it all off, Fullerton quotes Lain's 1937 record incorrectly. Here-with is the record, taken from the official records compiled from game statistical summaries submitted by team representatives and which are on file in my office at College Station, Texas:

Ball carrying: Times carried, 75. Net yards gained, 226. Average gain, 3.01.

Passing: Attempted, 80. Completed, 39. Interceptions, 6. Yards gained, 502. % completed, .488.

Punting: Punts, 1. Total distance, 13 yards. Average, 13 yards.

Not 40 yards, as Hugh says.

And, if these are not enough errors in one article, Fullerton says Mexia is pronounced May-ya. The Mexia residents call it May-hay-ah. Lain worked for the Hughes Tool Company, not the Houston Tool Company.

May I suggest that, any time you care to buy such an article as the Fullerton work, you stick to *your* Norman L. Sper and his "little black book," which has all the records of all the players in the United States playing football this year? —H. B. McElroy, Southwest Conference Statistician.

[Among others who wrote us taking Mr. Fullerton for a ride were: Malcolm Bollinger, Victoria, Tex.; B. F. Alladio, San Francisco, Calif.; P. J. Clinchens, Fayetteville, Ark.; Sandy Taliaferro, Tarry, Ark.; Dell Price, Shreveport, La.; Jack Lewis, Henderson, Tex.; Arthur Lee Moore, Fort Worth, Tex.; Leo J. Revell, Missoula, Mont.; H. B. Dudley, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Raymond Michero, Corpus Christi, Tex.;

Guy Gulbrandsen, Missoula, Mont.; Charles E. Maskall, Jr., University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.; Forrest T. Moore, Van Alstyne, Tex.; V. R. G., Oklahoma City, Okla.; Dave Warner, Michigan State College, Lansing, Mich.; W. L. Crawford, Livingston, Tex.; W. Curtis Glover, Little Rock, Ark.; Two-and-a-Half Levy, New Orleans, La.; Leonard L. Summers, Troy, Pa.; Charles L. Carneal, Dallas, Tex.; Edward Sachs, Onarga, Ill.; Joe L. Erwin, Dallas, Tex.; J. C. Kirby, Van Buren, Ark.; George Coryell, San Antonio, Tex.; John R. Whorton, Pampa, Tex.; W. J. Evans, Dallas, Tex.; Ben Jameson, Magnolia, Ark.; and Bob Washburn, Gladewater, Tex.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WHY SLIGHT DETROIT?

DETROIT, MICH.—Thunder Over Kansas City was a knockout, but why all the advertising for one small city? Why leave out Detroit? We have a protected vice district, a well organized numbers racket, a corrupt police department, an incompetent City Council, a .22-caliber mayor, a Boss who won't even let his family live here. Our finances are "in the red," and going deeper. And we do these things on a wholesale basis. Why slight Detroit? We want our share of publicity too.—Robert S. Seese.

PAID FARE WITH TEETH

HAMPTON, VA.—Maybe I didn't put my foot in my mouth, but something else was certainly wrong.

On a trip to town I have to transfer from a bus to a streetcar that is impatient to pull out, and I always have a nickel in my hand before I alight from the bus.

This day as I stepped off the bus I stumbled and my uppers jarred out. I caught them in my hand and kept on after the waiting car, arriving breathlessly and boarding just as the car started.

I dropped my uppers in the fare box, stuck the nickel in my mouth, and started for my seat. Embarrassing, to say the least!—C. E. S.



WHITE-COLLAR SOLDIERS DO NOT LACK FORTITUDE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I am in full accord with the object of Mr. Macfadden's editorial *The Perilous Defects of Our Democracy* (November 5 Liberty), but I cannot agree with his conclusion that white-collar soldiers are, in general, lacking in fortitude.

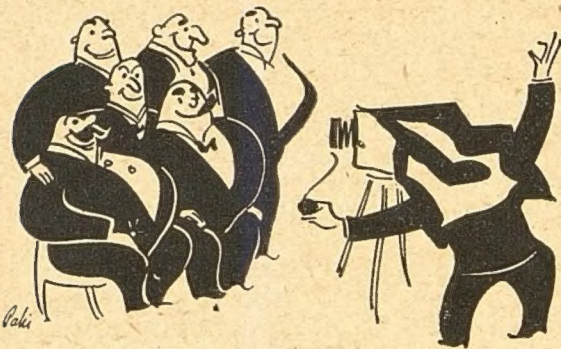
What they lacked in the World War was the initial physical ability to withstand sleeping in the mud in the rain and doing the manual labor of a greater number of roustabouts. After not so very many weeks of conditioning the white-collar boys could handle a spade and a bayonet or pull on a wheel with the best of their originally more hardy comrades.—J. Joseph Lilly.

SMILES THAT WON'T COME OFF

ROYAL CENTER, IND.—Now, I ask you, what in the world can be so durn funny about "pitcher taking" that nine out of every ten public officials, when gazing at the "birdie," must continually light up their pussies by registering a complete course of "turkey on every table," "every America is now a king" smiles?

Yeah, I wanna know. What's funny? Can it be the 12,000,000 unemployed? The national debt? The labor squabble? The farm surplus? Or can it be the foreign situation? Or Madam Perkins' hats?

Frankly, I think it is high time we did something about it. Why not start a Congressional investigation of the matter?—*Eddie Porter.*



AUSTRALIAN LADS APPROVE "A BOY PUTS US ON THE SPOT"

FAULCONBRIDGE, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA—The other evening I overheard a young relative of mine reading aloud *A Boy Puts Us on the Spot* (July 2 *Liberty*) to a few chums belonging to a local cycling club. There was an excited discussion on the matter, because exactly the same conditions obtain here since newly tarred roads were made for the motoring fraternity through the main highways.

These lads consider the suggestion contained in the article a very sound one, and asked me to assist them in bringing the matter under the notice of the traffic authorities.—*A. Scanlan.*

THE STORY WAS TRUE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—After reading *I Am a Munitions Bootlegger* (August 13 *Liberty*) I find that it is quite a revelation. How come *Liberty*, which was a good magazine once, can get unsigned confessions such as this one? What's wrong with J. Edgar Hoover? What're Uncle Sam's postal inspectors doing? If bootlegging munitions is illegal, why don't the boys get together, trace down these unsigned confessions, and slap these guys in the jug?

Or are these stories bunk and us saps that read them just plain dumb?—*Verne Bennyhoff.*

A Prayer for Every American

DEAR LORD, I know I shouldn't be bothering You now. I guess You've got enough to do answering more important prayers. So I'll just take a moment.

Take pity—

On that little Chinese girl, trembling as the Japanese soldiers draw lots to see who will have her first.

On that old rabbi waiting for the fortieth lash at an Austrian concentration camp. Sixteen . . . seventeen . . .

On that sobbing mother holding her dead child in her arms. He was playing on a side street in Madrid when the bomb burst.

And on that young man standing against a stone wall in Moscow. His wife stands next to him. Ready . . . aim . . .

Thanks for America, dear God! Amen.—HERBERT M. N. GOCHROS, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SWISS VOTED TO ADMIT FOURTH LANGUAGE

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—November 5 *Twenty Questions* has this one: Which country has three national languages: German, French, and Italian?

The answer, Switzerland, is given.

About a year ago the Swiss people voted (as on any subject of importance) to admit a fourth language, "Romansch." It is spoken in Canton Grisons.—*O. E. Hoehn.*

SHORT SHORT, DETOUR, ESPECIALLY WELL DONE

MONROE, MICH.—There are plenty of people shouting praises for the fearless editorials you carry. May I add my congratulations?

I am writing to Dick Smith, who wrote the *Short Short, Detour* (July 9 *Liberty*). It seemed an especially well

done piece of work. His picture of a doctor's problem working among certain homes is authentic.

I should know, for I have gone with my doctor husband into just such surroundings.—*Lucy Wetzel McMillin.*

AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO SAFETY FROM FIRE

BOSTON, MASS.—I want to thank *Liberty* most sincerely for giving me an opportunity to talk with Mr. Edward Doherty, which resulted in the excellent little article in the October 8 issue. I think the article ought to prove interesting to all of your readers and at the same time it is most certainly an important contribution to safety to life and property from fire.—*Perry Bugbee, Director National Fire Protection Association.*

REAL HE-MEN INSIST ON PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

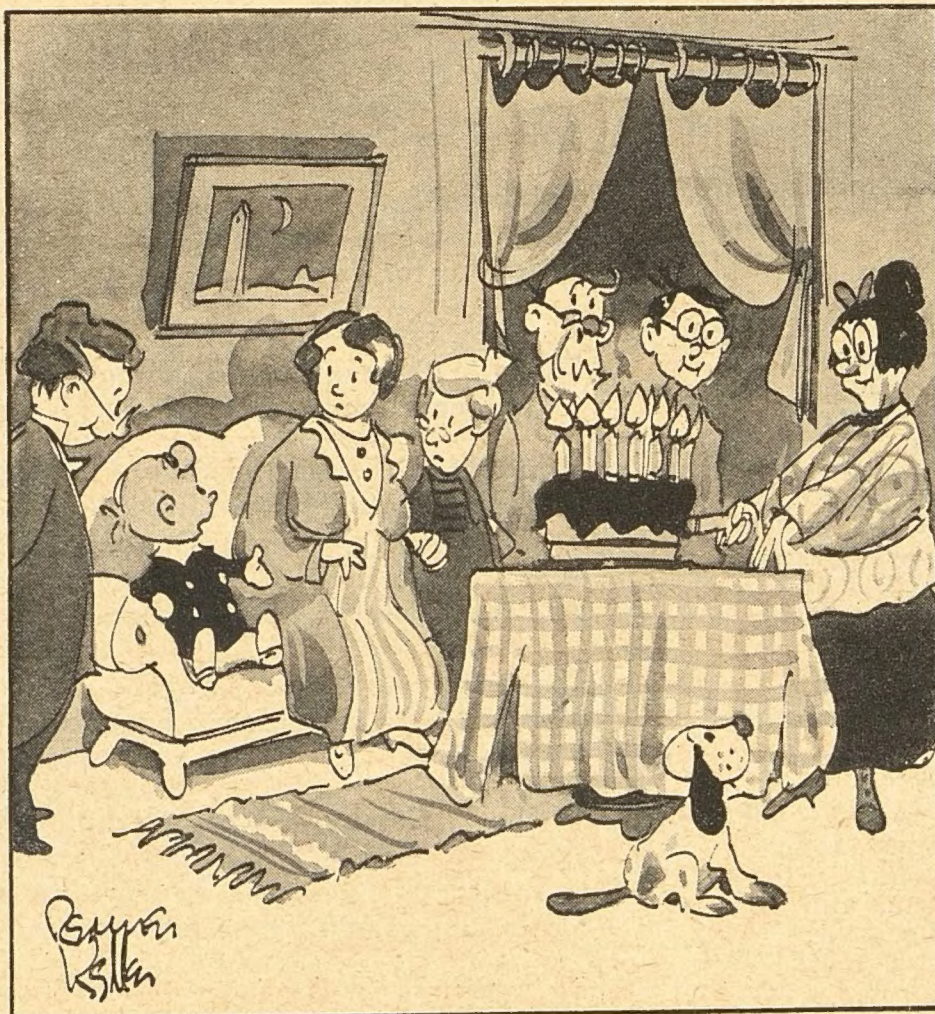
EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Hey! What happened to the November 5 *To the Ladies*, by our Princess Kropotkin? *Liberty* is a swell mag, but there are times when if it wasn't for this one page—well, there are some things that just don't rate a nickel. Put Macfadden away where he can't write, throw your authors out, forget Beverly Hills, but, gentlemen, for the sake of your circulation, never, never leave out *To the Ladies*.

So let's have the Princess reinstated immediately. As real he-men we insist.—*S. T. Horn.*

"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET"

EXIRA, IA.—In the year 1932, when the Democratic tide swept the countryside, the Republicans voting for Roosevelt christened themselves "Depression Democrats." Now, as the tide seems to be turning, no doubt the rebelling Democrats will answer to the name of "New Deal Republicans." —*Millard Summers.*

"HARDTACK"



"There are only forty-two candles, ma—did Aunt Tillie get any off for good behavior?"

AT THE END OF THE NIGHTMARE

WE HAVE just finished reading a manuscript which will appear next week in *Liberty*, *The Future of the Jews*, by H. G. Wells. Presently we realized that twelve months of nightmare, which we call the Year of Our Lord 1938, were coming to a close. Christmas would soon be here! . . . Green wreaths with red berries were being hung in doorway and window; bright candles would soon be lighted and our houses filled with the holy smell of the Christmas tree. With deeper thanksgiving than ever before we would celebrate this year the birth of Jesus. The spell of that story of stories filled our mind with thoughts peaceful and sweet as incense. Suddenly we remembered the danger that once threatened the Christ child, as He lay nestled in His mother's arms. . . . Strange that we could have forgotten—Jesus had been born in a land ruled by a dictator! . . . This dictator's name, as you know, was Herod. Even his enemies conceded that Herod was an able administrator; a forceful organizer. Most dictators are! At that first Christmastime the tyrant's country was filled with rumor. Men whispered that a new king had come who would one day free the people of Israel. They said that three wise men from the East were in the city—wise men who had seen a wonderful star and followed it. So Herod called in these strangers. He asked about the star and the newborn child. The wise men answered him deliberately in riddles. Then, evading his spies, they got to Bethlehem, where they knelt in adoration in a stable with gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. . . . And what did Herod the dictator do? He was filled with fear—a disease partial to dictators. In a frenzy he called in his captains and issued an atrocious order. Soon his storm troops surrounded and occupied the city. They rushed into the houses with drawn weapons. By the orders of the dictator, they cut to death every newborn boy baby in the town. "And the heart of Rachel for her children crying would not be comforted." . . . What Herod had wanted to do, of course, was to kill off that little armful of danger, the baby Jesus. But the baby Jesus was not merely a baby. He was all goodness and all truth, the spirit of the living God, the father of all people. Herod could not kill That. His spite made a massacre, but truth eluded his swordsmen. . . . He must have been mad, to have murdered those babies. Their bones had not rotted in their graves before Herod joined them in death. The intervening time for Herod was a living hell. The last year of his life was one unending pain. His own son tried to poison him. He murdered his son. The whole countryside was praying for his death. . . . Josephus paints a shocking picture: "A fire glowed in him slowly . . . augmented his pains inwardly: for it brought upon him a vehement appetite to eating. . . . His entrails were also exulcerated, and the chief violence of his pain lay on his colon; an aqueous and transparent liquor also had settled itself about his belly. Nay, farther, his body was putrefied, and produced worms; and when he sat upright, he had a difficulty of breathing, which was very loathsome, on account of the stench of his breath. He grew so choleric that it brought him

to do all things like a madman, and though he were near his death, he contrived wicked designs." . . . What were these wicked designs? Why, strange as it seems, he arrested the principal Jews and held them as hostages. He shut them up by hundreds in the hippodrome. Then he called his sister, Salome, and said to her, in effect: "I am going to die soon, and when I die no one will weep for me. So I have taken all the principal Jews of the nation and made them prisoners. When I die I want them killed so that the land will weep at the time of my passing." . . . "A man he was," says Josephus, "of great barbarity and a slave to his passion." . . . And that was nearly two thousand years ago. Today we see force and hatred rise again in the world to strike at the helpless. It will come to the same end! For what was born in Bethlehem was a spirit that no dictator yet has been able to kill in the world. . . . So we tell ourselves as we read in the dispatches that on Christmas Eve Hitler will celebrate with his Old Guard in a beer hall in Munich. There may be a ghost at the feast in the beer hall. Perhaps the dread specter of Herod will turn down an empty cup. Poor shade, it will not drink at such a party, for Herod must know now the bitterness and futility of hatred. On Christmas Eve we hope that Hitler, who fancies himself a mystic, will see this ghost.

Perhaps old Herod will point beyond the walls of the beer hall to the stable in Bethlehem. Perhaps Der Fuehrer will see there the shining eyes of that Child who grew up to suffer with the common man; taught the dignity of life, its reality, its meaning and beauty, and the wisdom that lies in service, in brotherhood, in charity, in all that we mean by simple human decency. . . . Perhaps the ghost will ask a question: "Hitler, who will weep for you?" . . . Meanwhile we Americans, as we come nearer to the end of twelve months of nightmare, may well ask ourselves a question. What does it all mean? Is it only "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"? No. We comfort ourselves, it is not a tale, but a parable. The meaning is not in sound and fury, but in a still small voice. Herod would have stopped that voice, but he could not. Today its echoes, rising from the hills of Galilee, sound above the roar of the cannon in China, the screams of children and women in Spain, the wails of the persecuted in Germany. Above the tumult, clearer than ever, we hear the voice of Jesus of Nazareth saying: "Love one another."



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	Is the New Deal on the Way Out?	Bernarr Macfadden	4
SHORT STORIES	Aristocrat	Achmed Abdullah	10
	City Hospital—Liberty's Short Short	Ellis Jones	21
	Wedding for Three	Florence Ostern Faulkner	22
SERIALS	Rockaby Brady—Part III	Edward Doherty	28
	That's My Story—Part VII.	Douglas "Wrong-Way" Corrigan	36
	Magnificent Fool—Conclusion	Walton Green	43
ARTICLES	Why Did Hitler Give Lindbergh a Medal?	Frederick L. Collins	6
	Are New Blood-Test Laws Reducing Marriages?	Barbara Wake	14
	This Is Treasure-Hunting Time	Albert Orbaan	16
	A Candid Portrait of Hedy Lamarr	Howard Sharpe	18
	Are the Churches Keeping Pace with the Modern World?	Frank MacDonald Reed	41
	The American Way of Life	George E. Sokolsky	49
	Mistrial! The Uncensored Facts about Judges, Technicalities, and Justice	Percival E. Jackson	57
FEATURES	To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 20; Twenty Questions, 48; Our Very Candid Camera by Jack Shuttleworth and F. E. Smith, 52; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 53; Crossword Puzzle, 55; \$2,100 Home Life Snapshots Contest, 56; Vox Pop, 60.		

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in *Liberty* are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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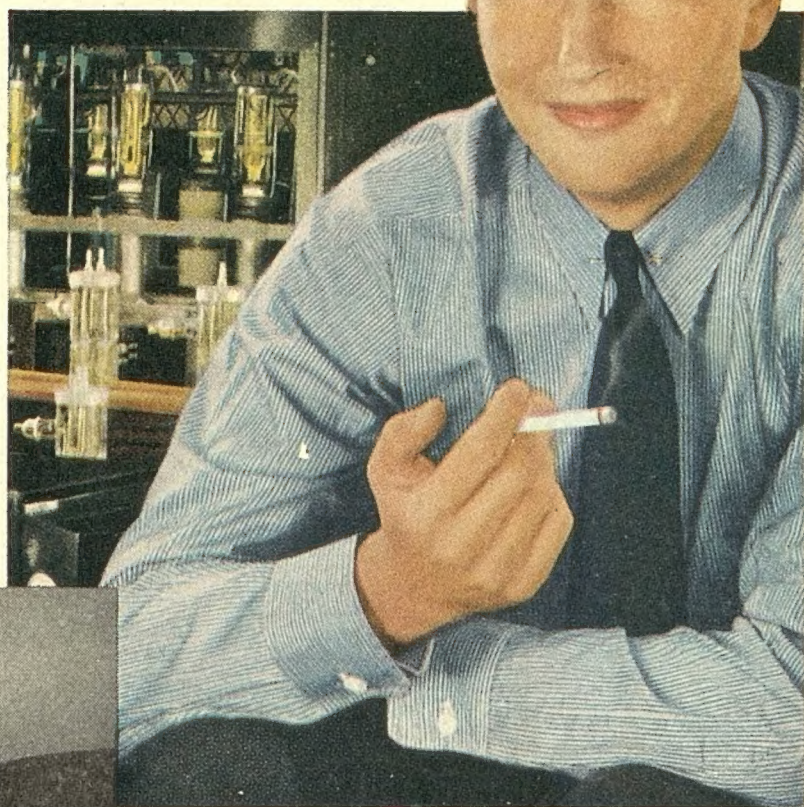


HE'S GIVING HIS
NERVES A REST...

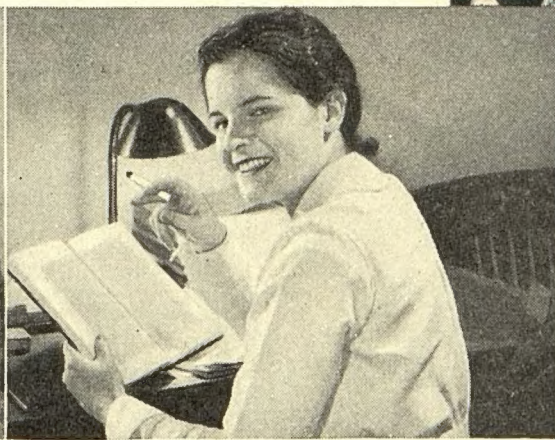
AND SO IS HE

IT'S thrilling to watch the flashing greyhound in full flight. But it's *important* to note that when the race is over he rests—as the greyhound above is doing now. Though the dog's highly keyed nervous system closely resembles our own, the dog *relaxes instinctively!* Life as it is today leads *us* to ignore fatigued nerves. We carry on despite increasing tension, strain. Be kind to your nerves if you want them to be kind to you. Pause a while, now and then. LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Let the frequent enjoyment of Camel's mild, ripe tobaccos help you take life more calmly, pleasantly, profitably!

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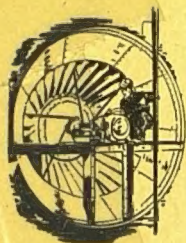
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